

DESPERATE CONVICTS ESCAPE FROM THE MATTEWANY ASYLUM

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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SHE RIDES ASTRIDE.

A YOUNG NEW JERSEY GIRL WHO DEFIES CONVENTIONALITY AND DRESSES LIKE A MAN.



ESTABLISHED 1844.

RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

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A GREAT SPORTING YEAR.

The athletic season which is now opening will, doubtless, turn out to be the most eventful in the sporting annals of this country. The public at large now begins to notice that the athlete is much in evidence with the advent of mild weather, as he prances into the open air on diamond, track, road and towards the boat-houses. But the multitude of him, in all shapes and sizes, and development of muscle and sinew, has been training away in retirement for several months, getting keen and fit for the spring and summer campaign.

The strong and swift young man has lots ahead of him this year. International contests are the fad since the Yale track athletes were so nicely received in England last summer and the advantage and feasibility of such competitions were plainly shown.

Now, during the coming season Cornell will send an eight-oared crew to the Henley regatta on the Thames to contest against the rowing world for the grand challenge cup; the champion field and track men of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association will send the flower of British speed, skill and brawn to meet the team of the New York Athletic Club on this side in September; two English cricket teams are to come over in September instead of one, as formerly; an invasion of British tennis experts is threatened; a flock of professional Scotch golfers is pouring in; more professional bicyclists have decided to sweep things clean abroad; American race horses have been entered for races in England and in Italy, and an international yacht race will be sailed late in the summer.

All in all, it will be a season to remember, and, as heretofore, the patrons of sport will always find the best reports and most accurate illustrations of these events in the POLICE GAZETTE.

MASKS AND FACES.

Difference between Graceful Dancing and High Kicking.

AN ART NOT EASILY ACQUIRED

A Former Chicago Chorus Girl who is Now a Peeress of England.

LILY LANGTRY'S LITTLE JOKE.

Dancing has been defined as the poetry of motion, and I have no fault to find with the definition. The rhythmic movements of the dancer, the swing and swell, the placid beauty of the andante undulations, and the pulsing splendor of the allegros—don't overlook the fact that I have the Gaiety girl's gyrations in mind as well as the ballet evolutions at La Scala—are music melodies that appeal to the eye as strongly as a Tennyson lyric appeals to the heart or a brass band to the ears of a mob. It is only right and just, therefore, that dancing should receive poetical classification.

Anything that stirs human fibre or reaches a pectorally masked chord and twangs it belongs in the domain of true poetry.

And dancing gets to the fibre and the chord every time, if it is real dancing.

But there is dancing and dancing, my friends. It is not all shuffles and pigeon-wings and high kicking. A clever little English dancer once observed to me:

"I might tickle the shimmering prisms on a chandelier with my toe and set the crowd wild with delight, but the man or woman in the gathering who is capable of differentiating between a dancer's use of her legs and a mule's use of his hoofs would simply sneer at the performance and turn away with the remark that there was no

She has made a hit in boys' parts and is at present appearing as *Dick Whittington* in a piece of that name. Those who remember the fair May in her brief burlesque days in Chicago, will readily understand her success in roles of that kind.

She had dash and style, though her immaturity in her work was of course apparent in her novice days. She wore the breeches and carried the sword of the few fairy princes she here enacted with a dashing and a martial outside. The first night she got a chance to sing a solo in the Chicago Opera House she made a hit, especially with the galleries, which made her at once an idol. To the lower part of the house she was a vocal anomaly. What a voice it was! Only four notes in the lower register and not one in the upper. "Kim Me Good-by and Go" was her favorite song, and how many times she rolled it out over the footlights of the Chicago Opera House, always rewarded with encores, even after she had shocked the moral sensibilities of her admirers by running away one night—on French leave—with the son of a retired Chicago baker. But one is getting ahead of one's story, as the saying is.

May Yohe first came to Chicago a season or two before "The Crystal Slipper" was put on at the Chicago Opera House. She came here in the chorus of Col. McCaull's light opera company. She was then not over 16 years old, a little thin, black-eyed girl, not developed in fig-

for several seasons. Mr. Russell, as playgoers are aware, is now in a retreat for those whose minds have given way under too great a pressure—but it is wrong to leap at conclusions.

It is strange now in hearing the stories that are told of May Yohe's sayings and doings in the burlesque world of London that the heroine of the *Prince of Wales* anecdote is identical with the modest little girl in black, the mere child—whom the present writer met in Chicago precisely ten years ago.

Here is the anecdote which is well authenticated, and is characteristic:

While she was singing a short time ago, even after her secret marriage to her infatuated financial backer, Lord Francis Hope, the American burlesquer was in the habit of giving little suppers behind the scenes to the fast set of the upper ten. These suppers were, in their way, after the fashion of the famous ones which Henry Irving gives in the breakfast room of the Lyceum, only that the Irving suppers have been talked about over the world, while the Yohe ones have never been mentioned.

The Prince, as is well known, unbends in his diversions, and things happen which it is a rule of honor among newspaper men not to let into print in London. But there is nothing worse than sublime impertinence in the present occurrence, and no impropriety can be committed in printing it at this distance from the scene.

It is simply repeating the salutation with which Yohe (or Lady Hope) received her royal guest when he went behind the scenes to a little private supper for his august benefit. She held out her hand admiringly and exclaimed, "Shake, old cock of the walk—how do you do?"

They say he took it good-humoredly; but why should he not from one who has as good a chance to be a future peeress of Great Britain as he has to be King?

I met Fanny Davenport recently and she immediately launched forth into eulogistic comment on Sardou and his works.

"I have had the honor," she said, "of being entertained at the great playwright's home, situated just outside of Paris, and commanding a fine view of all the picturesque towns lying adjacent. It was when I went to buy 'Cleopatra' that I was thus honored, and, indeed, it is an honor," she reiterated, "for even the great Sarah has never been invited to Sardou's home or to meet his family. I found him a courtly gentleman about 62 years of age, with old-time manners, and I felt myself quite a grand dame of old as he came out to the carriage, assisted me to alight and gave me his arm as he escorted me through his marvelously beautiful gardens up to the house. It is a dear old place where he lives, replete with souvenirs from every portion of the world. There is a long avenue lined with Egyptian trees, that have been transplanted and made to grow amid their new surroundings. There are old-time Florentine gates of iron, and the treasure which he regards above all others is the

hunting forest, of course without game in these modern days, but nevertheless beautiful and romantic to look upon, into which one gains access only by the courtesy of the owner, who admits you by means of a giant key through a stone wall into this domain of verdure. The home life of Sardou is quite ideal. His wife, the second one, by the way, is very much younger than he and they have three lovely children, the oldest scarcely 14."

Certainly no one would credit Lily Langtry with esprit or the utterance of a bon mot. She suggests good living, jollity, if you will, but not wit.

Nevertheless, she is said to have made the following charming remark at the recent professional matinee at Koster & Bial's:

Cissy Loftus was on the stage, and—well, you know she is just now the envy of domestic ladies, for she is in an interesting condition.

After watching the clever little mimic, the Jersey Lily—or, rather, Filly—exclaimed:

"I do hope Cissy will soon give us a good imitation of Justin!"

Clever, wasn't it?

ANNA MANTELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Graceful of figure and pretty of face is Anna Mantell, whose picturesque attitude is so prettily portrayed on our theatrical page. Miss Mantell has had an experience of some years in the theatrical world, and her talents have excited no little comment. She has made her mark in burlesque, where she is thoroughly at home, and her services are, consequently, much in demand. Admirers of female loveliness can purchase a photographic reproduction of our engraving of Miss Mantell by sending ten cents to this office.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE.

The Richard K. Fox Printing and Publishing House, Franklin Square, New York, has issued a sixteen-page circular, 10 by 13 inches, oblong, illustrated with numerous half-tone engravings and printed in colors, describing the extent and capabilities of the house for executing printing and bookmaking of every description. The composition is admirable and very artistic, and the press work faultless.—*The Inland Printer*, April, 1895.

Look Out For This Fraud!

One Hundred Dollars Reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of D. O. Shaw, who is fraudulently soliciting subscriptions for the *Police Gazette*. Was last heard of as working Texas. Send information to RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



A Pair of Dainty Dancers.

beauty or art or poetry in the achievement." The criticism would be correct, and her high kick would be forgotten as soon as somebody else with longer or limberer legs came along and put her biggest metatarsal against a higher chandelier.

No, no, you cannot gauge limb-waving by the same mechanical laws that enable us to determine the lifting power of the steam hoist or of one of those giant cranes in Cramp's shipyards.

Look at the graceful Nautch girl, at the passionate-eyed Egyptienne, at the turbulent-tormented Spanish signorina—their dancing is not all done with the feet or the muscles; the mind, the heart, the eye are in their swaying and whirling, and in so much as either of them asserts herself in the dance and dominates the movements with her individuality, whatever it may be, in that much will her performance be more singular, characteristic, unique and successful than the performance of other dancers of her kind.

If she succeeds in putting all of herself into the dance and in belonging to it body and soul, instead of having the dance belong to her, then she will triumph and people will talk about her and hurry to see her, and wonder why it all is and how it is all done.

Americans will be amused by a recent interview, published in an English paper, with May Yohe, the young burlesquer formerly of Chicago, who is cutting a wide swath just now in the British metropolis. The account is a funnier satire in its way on English obtuseness than anything Miss Yohe is likely to perpetrate on the boards.

One Of Folly's Queens!

A Modern Siren. No. 17. OF FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A tale of man's duplicity and woman's folly. From the French of Ernest Daudet, with 86 sensational illustrations. Price 50 cents, sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

ed. The girl explained at that time that this curious deep voice was originally a high soprano, and that she could take a top C with ease. It suddenly changed—why she did not know. Nor did any one else.

Col. McCaull did nothing for his chorus girl; but, as before stated, David Henderson gave her a speaking part with solo in "The Crystal Slipper." Then came the eventful night in the summer of 1888—eventful to any one who was then doing theatrical reporting—when the rumor was abroad on Clark street that the Yohe had eloped with the young baker. Manager Henderson was dumfounded. He refused to believe the news. It was probably hard to credit the ingratitude that could serve him such a trick.

"How can it be true?" he said, "when Miss Yohe is chaperoned by her mother?"

True, but this mother had been outwitted. All that one knows of her is that she hailed from Philadelphia (where she was a dressmaker)—the city that has the honor of being the Yohe's birthplace.

At all events, that hot night in July—it seems it was the Fourth—detectives, reporters and Wemyss Henderson, brother of the manager, started in hot pursuit after the fugitives, overhauling them at the hour of midnight on an eastern bound train. One can remember vividly the display heads on the front pages of the Chicago papers next morning!

May Yohe had started on her career!

She sang next night at the Chicago Opera House, facing the large and silent audience with a swagger that never afterward failed her. It is not the nature of an American audience to punish a slip of a girl, no matter what she has done. Life became a burden to David Henderson after that night in trying to manage May Yohe. He had to abandon the task and John Russell undertook it, making the singer one of his variety stars

TRAIN ROBBER BREAKS JAIL

Perry and Four Other Convicts
Effect Their Escape.

ONE FUGITIVE CAPTURED.

Watchman Overpowered, Locked in a
Cell and His Keys Taken from Him.

MUST HAVE HAD OUTSIDE ASSISTANCE

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"O. C. PERRY,
Came to Hell Dec. 28, 1893."

Pencilled on the white walls of his cell, in a prison within a prison, this brief and epitaph-like sentence was the only legacy left, so far as the Matteawan, N. Y., State Hospital for the Criminal Insane was concerned, by one of the most picturesque desperadoes that ever held up a train or captured a purse at the point of a revolver. This and a story of escape from men and brick and stone and metal which would almost burn the pages of the yellowest of yellow-covered novels.

He did not go alone, this madcap fellow, who thought it no strange thing to ride while hung suspended from the roof of a car on a fast night train on the New York Central Railroad, while waiting his opportunity to rob the American Express messenger, and then to steal an engine and drive wildcat down the track as far as its steam would take him, in his efforts to escape from capture. Four other ruffians, burglars and robbers, supposed like him to be irretrievably insane, followed his leadership to liberty, making their way with astonishing ease through locked and double-locked doors, past waking and sleeping guards, up long passage ways and dark stairs, and over scaffolding and through providential scuttle holes, and thence with the aid of knotted blankets and lead pipes to the great waste of mountain land which lies between the Hudson Valley and Connecticut. Worse than all, one of his companions, two years ago, had dug his way through a double wall in the same inside prison, with some implement never afterward discovered, and got away to New York, where he was afterward captured by the police. This was the last escape till that of Wednesday night, and it led up to the strengthening of the walls with a lining of boiler plate and other improvements, which were fondly supposed to render the south isolated ward absolute burglar-proof. Perhaps it was to all but the golden key. The human factor in the case had not been sufficiently considered.

The Matteawan Asylum, from which this most extraordinary and incomprehensible escape took place, is, with one exception, the most modern and best equipped of the kind in the State. It was built under the supervision of Commissioner Edward Wemple, State Controller; Dr. Charles F. McDonald and Dr. Henry E. Allison, who has occupied the position of medical Superintendent ever since it was completed. It has been finished about two years, and has now nearly 500 patients, whom 38 are women. The ground plan of the several buildings forms an irregular quadrilateral, with four inclosed courts, formed by a bisecting central building running from front to rear or east or west, which contains the dining rooms and kitchens on the first floor and above them the chapel, a hall, with a ceiling from 20 to 25 feet in height, and the sleeping apartments of guards and other employees residing in the buildings. Over the chapel and the entire second story runs a long attic, with the slanting roof overhead. There are a few windows in the attic, and these, by a sad oversight, had not been barred. The windows are fifty feet from the ground at least, but the leads from the eaves furnish easy climbing for the cat-like men who are professors in the art of burglary. It was these uncovered windows which left the last and easiest exit open to the desperate men. It enabled them to reach the outer shell of their prison house after they had, by the means which have yet to be discovered got through the inner shell.

For most of the lunatic criminals confined in the institution no greater protection than ordinary locked doors and grated windows and watchful eyes are needed. But there are a few men whose shrewdness and treachery demand a more impregnable cage, and it was for these that the isolation building was constructed. It lies within one of the quadrangles, to the southward of the dining hall. It is a high, one-story structure, leading through a double vestibule to the north and south corridor. The walls mount upward till they meet the long, slanting roof, which supplied the illumination by day through a skylight, while at night it is furnished by high electric lights. To reach the ward from the corridor two locked doors have to be opened, between which, on either side of the passageway, is a bedroom occupied at night by one or two of the guards. Six cells are on each side of the hall, and at the end are four other rooms, one of them a bath and closet, another a keeper's room, and the other four cells for prisoners. Perry was in the first room on the left of this transverse corridor. This was in his "Hell," to which he was brought from Auburn in December, 1893, when the doctors had pronounced him a lunatic, and many people thought that he was shamming.

The doors of the cells in this isolation ward are of 2-inch solid oak. Each one is fastened with two tumbler locks, opened by different keys, and both of the key-holes are far beyond the reach of the occupant within, even if he could get his head through the grated peephole in the centre, an utter impossibility. There is a window in each cell, protected by an outside grating and inner screen. The walls, as has been said before, are double, and sheathed with boiler iron, and the ceiling also has a metal shield. A ventilation hole in the ceiling is also protected by a grating. A stout wooden bed is the only furniture in each cell, and as the prisoners are never given anything more formidable than a spoon

with which to eat their meals, there are no tools at hand for aiding in escape. Nothing but gross carelessness or criminality could lead to an escape. So far as mechanical ingenuity can make them so, these rooms are burglar proof.

So staunch, indeed, are they made that Dr. Allison has not considered it necessary to keep them under constant espionage after the lunatics have been locked up for the night. The presence of the two or three keepers in the adjoining bedrooms, the doors of which are supposed to be kept open, and the hourly visits of inspection by the night roundsman, as he is called, Carmody, a man with a record of nine years' faithful service in the institution, were supposed to be all-sufficient for safety.

With this tedious, but necessary, detail, it will be easy to understand the story told by Dr. Allison.

How They Escaped.

"The men in the isolation ward were locked up at 6:30," he said, "as usual, and the day force went off duty. At 7, Carmody began his rounds, and reports that he found all things secure. He had the keys necessary for entering the cells, but, under the rules, no keeper may unlock a door save in the presence of another. Every cell was occupied, and among the tenants, but not in adjoining cells, were the five now missing—Perry, the desperate train robber, doing his sentence of 40 years 9 months; Frank Davis, the burglar who had entered Bradley Martin's house during his daughter's wedding, and had a quarter-century to serve; Patrick McGuire, alias 'Ugly Mac,' a burglar, with five years of his sentence uncompleted; John Quigley, a silver thief, of Astoria, and Michael O'Donnell of Brooklyn. None of these were deemed dangerous, but all were tricky and not to be trusted—unworthy of favors which we love to extend to those who can stand them.

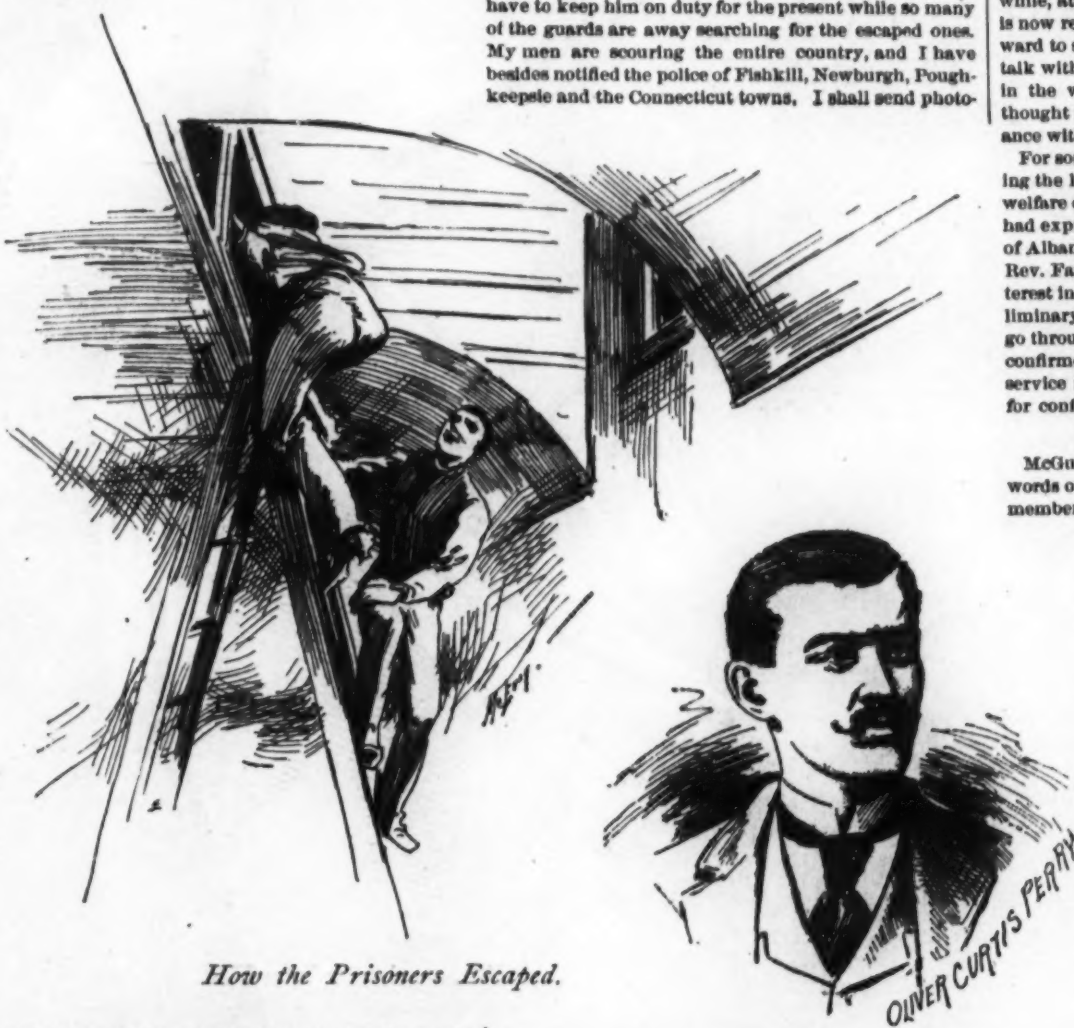
"Keepers Ward, Boyle and Nulty retired to their rooms in the vestibule between the outer and inner

denly set upon by three of the men, Perry, McGuire and Quigley, who violently assaulted him and threatened to kill him if he made an outcry. He declares that he yelled for assistance several times, but was finally overpowered and gagged. I have no theory to offer at present, but for some singular reason none of his cries was heard by the guards sleeping in the adjoining rooms, while none of the other patients in the ward, when questioned about the struggle, seemed to know anything about it.

Took the Guard's Knife.

The escaping men took Carmody's knife and keys away from him, liberated two other prisoners, and the five made their way out through the double vestibule and into the corridor, turned to the right and went for a couple of hundred feet, unlocked another door, climbed twenty-five steps in a fireproof stairway, unlocked another door and entered the chapel. They could not escape through the Administration Building, for there were not only several doors and grated windows between them and liberty, but a number of guards on duty. Nor did the watchman's keys open the outer doors. But, as ill fortune would have it, there had been some repairs going on in the chapel ceiling, which is of corrugated iron, and a scaffolding had been put up for the workmen to stand upon. Eight square holes were cut in the ceiling which led to the attic. They were unguarded, for who would imagine that a prisoner could get up to them, twenty-five feet above the floor? But the scaffolding was enough. The holes were narrow, so much so that it would seem well-nigh impossible for a well-developed man to get through one of them. But they were wide enough!

"I feel the responsibility of this escape more keenly than I can tell," said Dr. Allison, with deep feeling. "It is so long since we have had an escape here that I was getting to feel quite happy over our good fortune. I thought the isolation ward absolutely secure. I have suspended Carmody, pending investigation, but may have to keep him on duty for the present while so many of the guards are away searching for the escaped ones. My men are scouring the entire country, and I have besides notified the police of Fishkill, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie and the Connecticut towns. I shall send photo-



How the Prisoners Escaped.

doors of the isolation building at an early hour and Carmody made his hourly rounds, or says he did, without finding anything out of the way. At 11 o'clock I was sitting in my office when a gateman came in and said he was sure that some patient had got into the attic, as some of the keepers had heard the sound of breaking glass over the chapel. I went at once to summon assistance, and the alarm whistle was sounded. The keepers aroused, scattered to the station assigned to them within or without the building in cases of attempted escape. At least two men were seen on the roof of the north building. It was too dark to see them plain enough to make out their features, for the sky was overcast and the moon hidden. Before any one could get near to them they had disappeared to the northward. In passing down toward the Poughkeepsie road they were seen by Guard John Walsh, who did not know they were patients, but called on them to halt. They only ran the faster, and he fired a shot at their retreating forms from his revolver, without effect.

"Then we saw a man on the east side trying to come down by a ladder. A rush was made toward him, and he mounted the steep slate roof like a cat and disappeared over the ridge. Before any one could get around on the other side he, too, was out of sight. A fourth man got away in a southerly direction. The fifth one we did not see at all. They were all lightly clad in the garments of the institution, which are not especially noticeable ones—cotton flannel underclothing and a blue hickory shirt, with a fine white stripe. They carried their coats under their arms. Some had shoes on and others slippers. I don't think that they had any hats.

"After placing armed pickets around the buildings, who did not leave their posts till after daylight, we searched the attics with lanterns, but found no signs of the fugitives. At last in the search we reached the isolation building, and there we found five cell doors open, and in Perry's cell was Roundsman Carmody, bound tightly to the bedstead with sheets and his mouth stuffed full of bedclothing. He was badly used up, and it was some time before he was able to give an account of the escape. His face and neck and arms were severely scratched, and he declared that he had been sud-

graphs out at once, and hope that the New York police will render us all possible assistance. I shall make a most thorough investigation, for it is absolutely necessary that we run down this mysterious business."

Dr. Allison scoffed at the idea that Perry was not really insane, or had shammed insanity in order to get transferred to the State Hospital. "I don't believe he was anxious to come," he said. "I should diagnose his malady as chronic lunacy. He had delusions of persecution, and had many strange moods, none of them pleasant ones. He was always apparently erratic. If you would believe what he said he was always right and the rest of mankind wrong. He was surly, abusive and sometimes noisy. He always wanted his own way. But we granted very few of his requests. It was casting pearls before swine to do anything for him."

Roundsman James Carmody, the man with the remarkable experience, is a youngish-looking chap of thirty-two, with a somewhat characterless face, on which were imprinted some real scratches. There were also a few marring lines on his neck near the jugular vein. He lives in a modest little yellow house, about a quarter of a mile from the institution, he and his young wife occupying the upper story. They appear to be very poor. Carmody thinks that there was some help from the outside, as the prisoners could not possibly get out of their rooms without outside assistance.

"I made my rounds all right," he said, "and found nothing out of the way. At 9:30 I tried the doors in the isolation ward and found them all locked. At 10:30, when I came again, Perry asked for a drink of water. I said I would get him one and went into the retreat to get him one. All of a sudden three of them pounced upon me and threw me down. I struggled and fought and yelled for help. Then they got some of the sheet into my mouth and stopped my noise. I did not have a revolver, as we are not allowed to carry one. The only weapon in my possession was my knife, which McGuire got hold of. Then they put the knife on me, and for the first time I was scared. 'Kill the —' —" I said McGuire, pressing the point to my throat, but Perry knocked his hand away and plead for my life. I believe I owe it to him that I was not killed then and there. Then they bound and gagged me and tied me down on the bed. I must have been there an hour before I was released. I don't know how I could feel worse in eternity than I did with that sheet in my mouth."

Carmody said that he had no theory about the escape

to offer. Like many others in the neighborhood, he thought that there was not adequate protection. It is said that there is but a single outside guard. He carries a rifle, but there is a question whether he could hit the asylum building with any degree of certainty.

The keepers at the institution, of whom twelve are on duty at night, are supposed to pass a civil service examination before appointment. They are appointed by a commission. Some of those men possess no very Herculean physiques nor did they exhibit any remarkable intellectual powers.

Supt. Allison received the reporters with open arms, and gave them every possible facility for gaining full and correct information. He himself accompanied them through the institution and permitted them to make a personal examination of the stage of that remarkable midnight drama. "I have nothing to conceal," he said.

Twenty-five dollars reward is offered for the return of each prisoner. The price will not set many detectives to work. The detectives of the Central road and the American Express Company, however, were ordered to do everything in their power to help run down the runaways.

Supt. Allison said that he had no suggestion to make in reference to making the asylum more secure. Possibly it would be wise to surround it with a wall.

At Albany the Prison authorities were much disturbed by the escape. It was said there that Perry showed undoubted signs of insanity while in Auburn prison.

The Break in the Ceiling.

It was known to all the prisoners in the isolation ward that last week one of the keepers, while going to the roof of the chapel, stumbled as he was crossing the air space over the auditorium, and knocked loose a large section of the sheet iron ceiling. This fact became known to the prisoners when the services were held in the chapel last Sunday, and it was evident from the location of the damage that it could only be fixed from the inside of the rooms. Perry, for the first time in a long while, attended the religious service on Sunday, and it is now remembered that he showed a disposition afterward to seize every opportunity afforded to have a quiet talk with O'Donnell and McGuire, while they were free in the ward and in the dining-room. The keepers thought nothing of this, although it was not in accordance with the usual habit of Perry.

For some reason which is not apparent, McGuire during the last few weeks has taken a deep interest in the welfare of his soul, and he was one of the prisoners who had expressed a desire to be confirmed by the Bishop of Albany when he came to the prison Sunday. The Rev. Father White, who has taken, it is said, a deep interest in McGuire, arranged to give the prisoners a preliminary service on Tuesday in order that they might go through the ceremony in good shape when the Bishop confirmed them, and late in the afternoon he conducted service in the chapel for the benefit of the applicants for confirmation.

McGuire Watches the Ceiling.

McGuire was early in his place and listened to the words of the priest with deep interest, and it is now remembered that he kept his eyes fastened more on the ceiling than he did on the preacher. The break in the ceiling was nearly in the centre of the room and within a few inches of the window which opens into the air space to ventilate the chapel. At this time there were standing in the room two ladders which had been strapped together in the form of a pyramid and they reached within about three feet of the ceiling. These ladders were to be used by workmen on Wednesday to repair the ceiling.

When McGuire returned to the isolation ward he was very anxious to have a chat with Perry, and did so, although the guards saw that he seemed to be greatly excited and acted as if he were going to give an exhibition of violent conduct, which he was in the habit of doing occasionally. Perry and McGuire showed their interest in the work being done in the chapel, and when night came Perry asked one of the keepers if the hammering was going to be kept up and annoy him the next day. The keeper replied that the work was not quite done, and it would be finished early in the morning. The method of getting out of the prison was very clear to Perry and McGuire, provided they could get out of their cells during the night. How they managed to get out of their cells is not clear.

LATER.

Thomas Quigley, one of the four fugitives, was returned to the institution April 12, having been captured at New Hamburg, a small village eight miles from Fishkill, N. Y.

Quigley has made a statement to Dr. Allison in which he denies any collusion on the part of the attendants. He says that McGuire fashioned keys from the iron spoons furnished the inmates, and induced another prisoner on his way to supper to unfasten the lower lock.

The key was returned, and on a favorable opportunity McGuire slipped his hand through the grating and turned the key in the upper lock. This story, it is generally believed, will not free the attendants from blame, as the position of the cells hardly warrants credence in such a yarn.

Quigley's captors were G. E. Travers, keeper of a hotel at New Hamburg, and Charles T. Le Roy, one of the hotel attaches.

Quigley called at the hotel at noon. "I'm starving," he blurted out. "Gimme something to eat."

His appearance and his inability to answer direct questions aroused Travers's suspicions.

"Say," he snapped, quickly, "you're Quigley?"

The battered visitor broke down then and there.

"You're right, I am," he said. "Take me back to the hospital. I'm sick."

At once he was placed in a wagon and returned to Matteawan. He was furnished with a substantial meal and placed in his old cell.

Quigley says he lost all track of his companions when he dropped from the hospital roof. Perry was the first down the pipe and Quigley followed. Both made off in the darkness in opposite directions.

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ANNA MANTELL.

A HANDSOME BURLESQUER, WHOSE JUNO-LIKE PROPORTIONS ARE THE ADMIRATION OF ALL.



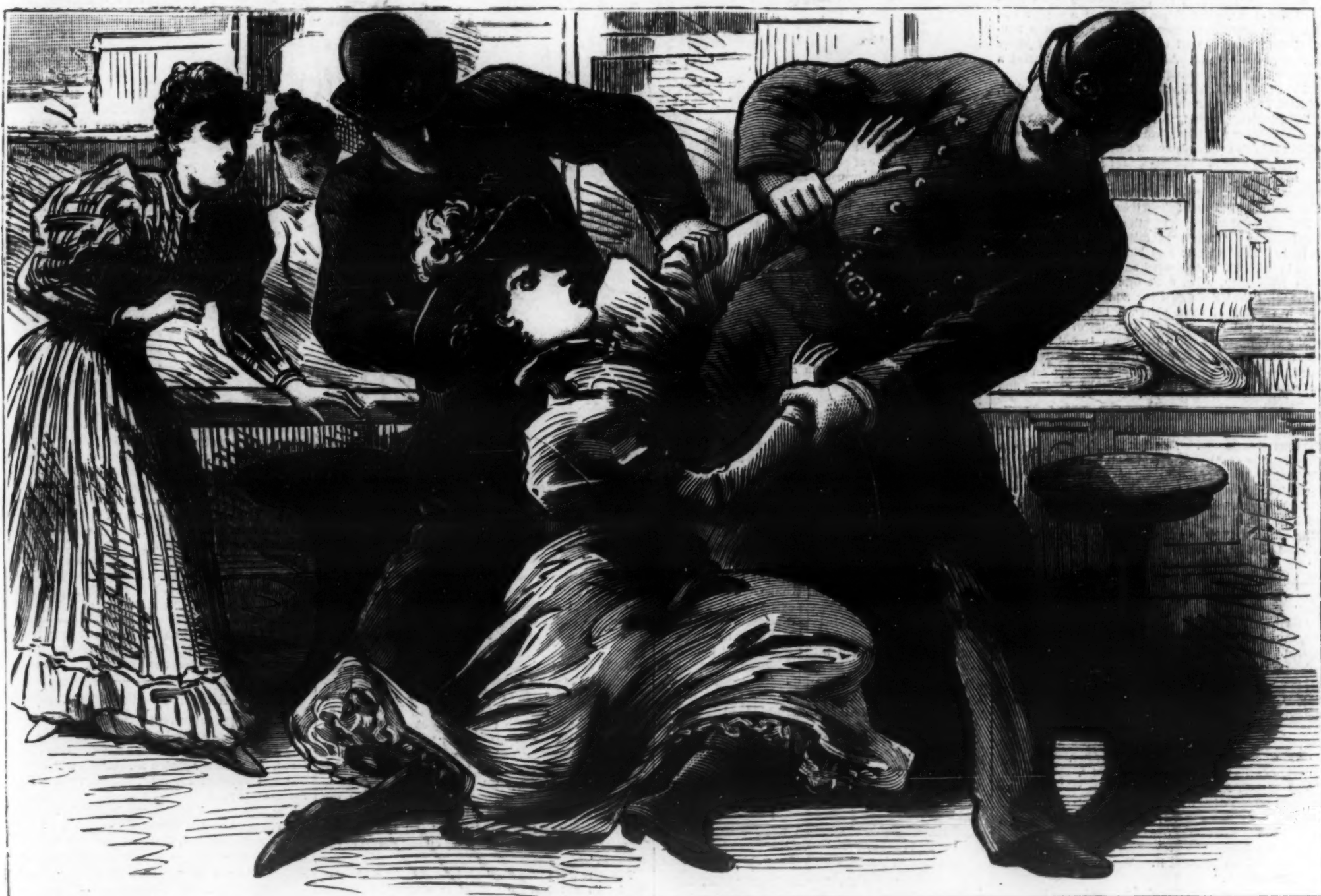
ARRESTED BY A DOG.

AN ESCAPED CONVICT IS CAUGHT BY AN INTELLIGENT CANINE AND HELD BY THE THROAT UNTIL AN OFFICER COMES, AT MUNCIE, IND.



ATTACKED BY A MONKEY.

A VICIOUS APE BECOMES UNMANAGEABLE AND SPRINGS UPON A YOUNG WOMAN, INFLECTING DANGEROUS WOUNDS, AT MASON, O.



A SHOPLIFTER HUGGED HIM.

CLINGING TO A POLICEMAN'S COAT TAILS, SHE BEGGED HARD FOR LIBERTY, AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A VERY DREADFUL DANCE.

Mile. Sara Shocks the Residents
of Arlington, N. J.

SHE GAVE IT AT A CLUB.

Those who Witnessed it Say it Was
Alarming Unconventional.

LOCAL SOCIETY IS HORRIFIED.

Into the peaceful town of Arlington, N. J., a dancer came. Now discord is rife, fathers of families explain and deny and explain again, the Methodist preacher is out on an anti-club crusade, and a certain entertainment committee is in danger of being expelled from the town's most exclusive social organization.

All this is because Mile. Sara danced before the sons of Arlington as did Herodias' daughter in days of old and pleased some of them greatly. Others were shocked. She tripped, a slipped living picture, says the New York Herald, at a banquet which the bowling section of the Arlington Club gave in honor of their visiting brethren, the Rutherford Bowling Club.

The curtain was rung down before the dancer had given half the artistic poses, to the regret of some, to the approval of others. The president was shocked, the chairman of the Entertainment Committee felt mortified and all Arlington talks. Her commutators might as well have proclaimed the story of the affair from the roofs of Ascalon and at the city gates of Gath. As I journeyed with them in the smoking car young men hurried airy periffage about a "good time," "out of sight" and so forth at their elders, and the gray-haired and whiskered ones reviled not again.

Arlington has a club which is one of the best arranged and handsomest in the New Jersey suburbs. It has a theatre, bowling alley, commodious dining rooms and came a year or so ago within a very short distance of having a buffet, but for the memorable victory of the "drys" over the "wets."

The place is the centre of Arlington's social life. In the winter the dances and card parties given there are the delight of the young, and every Wednesday the place is thrown open to the women of the place, who have the run of everything. The institution pleased everybody with the exception of the Rev. Mr. Cole, pastor of the Methodist Church there, who fulminated against it from the pulpit and exploited the Young Men's Union, yet unfounded, which was to draw the young away from what he considered the giddy whirl of the Arlington Club.

Rutherford's bowling enthusiasts came down upon Arlington last week, and the club made a supper and there were many gentlemen there—more than a hundred—and there was all else which savored of jollity save wine and wassail. And as the athletes feasted a shadow fell upon the banquet board.

The President, I. L. Newberry, a custom house broker, of New York city, arose:

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have just learned with regret that something will take place here to-night in the way of an exhibition which is not exactly as it should be. I am sorry to hear it. Yet this affair is under the patronage of the Bowling Committee, and I am unable to interfere. If anything of the kind takes place, I trust that nothing will be said about it outside of these walls."

Nobody went away. While the coffee and the cigars went around the curtain was raised, for the supper took place in the club theatre and ball room. Two gentlemen in tights did some ground and lofty tumbling, and then Mile. Sara, lithe, dark browed and handsome, came upon the boards gurgling and wriggling. There was a rustling of scant skirts, a twinkling of olive tights and red slippers, and a display of teeth which shone as tombstones when the moon is full. She gyrated like a top, she skipped like a fond gazelle, she bent forward like a commutator trying to catch an early train and fell backward, until she seemed headless and trunkless.

Such was Mile Sara, late of Troy, N. Y., engaged in Newark at great cost, and transported by rail to delight the sons of Arlington. This first she called the harem dance. The night waned and midnight hovered over the Zenith. Some of the fathers of the village gathered up their coats and went to their homes.

Again the curtain rose. There was a jingle of coins, a flash of shapeliness, and a swish of scanty drapery. Mile. Sara seemed to be distressed. She doubled and wiggled as though in pain.

"Poor thing," said Commuter to Newlot; "what a shame that this woman should be compelled to remain here when she is in such agony, and so thinly clothed, too."

And then Newlot whispered something which sounded like "World's Fair—Gipsian Theatre," and Commuter looked knowing and said, "Great!"

Slowly the curtain went down. It arose again a minute later. The stage was brilliantly lighted. Something flashed out from the wings. It sped across the stage, unimpeded. A pair of red slippers were all which held it to earth. It stood for a moment posed upon heel and toe.

"Bronze statuary?" exclaimed Commuter.

"Where's the bronze?" inquired Newlot.

The curtain fell with a suddenness which nearly stripped off the stick which weighted it at the bottom. Mr. Newberry strode down the aisle, shaking his fist angrily in the direction of one of the commutators.

"This is a shame!" he exclaimed, indignantly. "I am too disgusted to talk about it. Your committee is responsible for this."

That closed the show. The dancer went away the next morning, and scores of Arlingtonians somehow knew the train she was to take and flocked to the station to see her depart.

Now, the end of the story is not yet. Mr. Newberry is very indignant. Judge Forrester and Andrew Craw-

ford, the Committee on Entertainment, feel very sorry about it.

"I never thought," said Mr. Newberry, "that the time would ever come when I would say that I was ashamed for the Arlington Club. The affair was under the control of the bowling section. It was too late to do away with the programme. I did not want to interfere. I wish now that I had stopped the whole business. It was arranged without my knowledge or consent. I shall present the matter at the next meeting of the Board of Governors, and I expect that expulsions will follow. As an organization the club never countenanced the show, and is in no way responsible for it."

"I cannot say," said Judge Forrester, who is a lawyer and has an office at No. 271 Broadway, in New York city, "from my own knowledge whether any such thing as the last dance you speak of took place or not. I heard a rumor that something of the kind occurred after the regular performance. I doubt it. If it did I have no means of telling you anything further about it."

"It's a base slander," exclaimed Messrs. Commuter and Newlot, to whom I broached the subject on the way to Arlington. "We refuse to confirm or deny so ridiculous a report."

GIRLS WHO CAN FIGHT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Patrick Dwyer, a rosy-cheeked young man employed

five minutes without signs of advantage on either side. Suddenly some one shouted that the police were coming, and there was a mad scramble on the part of spectators and principals. They fled in all directions. The police did not appear until some time later, so no arrests were made. It is said that the women are still determined to fight it out and will meet again for that purpose.

HER TURN TO SING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is a "handsome blonde" young man who runs the ice skating pond at the corner of Western avenue and Harrison street, in Chicago, Ill. He is also an active member of the Irving club. He also has a charming young wife as was discovered a few evenings ago by several west side belles who had not the important information before.

Now, his wife, is of a somewhat jealous disposition, and this was demonstrated when she caught her handsome hubby in a curious situation one evening last week.

The young man allows only reputable young ladies and gentlemen to enjoy the pleasures of his enterprise and the daughters of the best citizens of the west side were patrons of his place of amusement during the cold weather. Among these were members of the choir of a house of worship in that vicinity. It might be added that the young man in question is at home on the ice and

ceaves and it took just two consecutive minutes for the singing society to disband and flee in all directions.

Among the first out was the young man. He did not have to have on his skates to cut a figure, at that particular moment. He "spread the eagle," did a highland fling and went up the back stairs leading to his apartments in the building adjoining the pond, and by the time his wife arrived he was fast asleep, dreaming his scribble dreams, but all rosy with innocence and free from guile.

"So you will have no thought of the morrow," said his pretty wife, but he snored all the louder, and now he tells her that his friend was the cause of all the trouble, and he was only trying to get them to adjourn for the evening.

RODE A BUCK LIKE MAZEPPA.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

James L. Harn, of Fort Myers, Fla., took a Mazeppa-like ride on the neck of a deer the other day that came near costing him his life.

Mr. Harn and Dr. T. E. Langford were out hunting when they saw a fine buck quietly feeding half a mile away. It was agreed that Harn should stalk the deer, while Langford remained with the horses. Accordingly Harn dismounted and began to approach the deer, which, in the meantime, had moved so that it was no longer visible. After half an hour Langford heard a shot and supposed Harn had killed the deer. A few minutes later he heard a cry for help, and immediately after saw the deer come tearing through the brush with Harn clinging to its neck. At every bound Harn was being terribly lacerated by the sharp hoofs of the deer and by the brush. The direction in which the deer was moving would cause it to pass within fifty yards of Langford, and the latter resolved to attempt to shoot the animal as it came by. The doctor realized that the bullet might hit Harn, but felt it was the only chance to save his friend's life.

Accordingly, as the buck with its human burden came bounding past, Langford took careful aim and fired. The shot was successful, and, with the next bound, the deer fell dead. Langford hastened to Harn's aid, and found him in a terribly lacerated condition. His clothing had been torn from him and his skin cut to shreds by either the hoofs of the deer or the brush. While suffering much agony from his injuries, Harn will recover.

Harn says when he fired the deer fell, and, supposing the animal dead, he approached to cut his throat. As he reached the buck it sprang to its feet and darted at him. Harn instinctively threw his arms about the deer's neck, and then came the ride through the brush. Harn was afraid to let go, lest the buck should paw him to death. Dr. Langford's shot was a lucky one, the bullet entering just behind the shoulder of the deer.

A WOMAN TRAPS A BURGLAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Mary J. Christofferson, of River road, below Point Breeze, near Philadelphia, Pa., successfully demonstrated that man is not an actual necessity around the house. In fact she showed most clearly that one woman with nerve and an ordinary poker could do more than a big man with a six-shooter.

Mrs. Christofferson and her husband live in a neighborhood that is not very thickly settled and the traps and thieves who gather along the lower Schuylkill river are not in deadly fear of the police down there, as it is only an occasional mounted patrolman that they have to look out for.

The other night Mr. Christofferson was compelled to be absent from home and his wife concluded that her sister would be sufficient company for her. About 3 o'clock in the morning she was awakened by a slight noise at one of the windows of an adjoining room. She lay quiet for a time and listened to be sure that she was not deceived. Then she awoke her sister and informed her

she believed some one was trying to break into the house. Cautioning her sister to be silent, she quietly arose and stepping to a door that opened into the room in which was the window where she had heard the noise she saw there by the light that shone in the room the forms of three men.

Mrs. Christofferson determined that she would not be robbed if a little nerve could prevent it. She armed herself

with a poker and awaited developments. Pretty soon she found that the robbers had separated, one of them going down stairs. Leaving her sister to prevent the entrance of the other two, Mrs. Christofferson followed the man down stairs, where the most of her valuables were. When she arrived on the lower floor she found that the thief had already forced open the door of the sideboard and was kneeling in front of it. She made a rush for him, and raising the poker was about to bring it down on the robber's head, when he dropped his head to one side and pretended to be asleep. She did not strike him, but grabbing him with one hand, she threatened to brain him with the poker. The man was so startled and amazed that he did not offer any resistance, and his two confederates, suspecting that something was wrong, fled. The one caught was locked up.

ARRESTED BY A DOG.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two prisoners escaped from Muncie, Ind., while being taken from the jail to the work-house. One was recaptured, but the other eluded the sheriff. Bill, a shepherd dog, had followed the man, however, and caught him in the court-yard.

The dog leaped at the man's throat, fastening his teeth in the convict's coat and vest collar. An excited crowd gathered, and, thinking the dog was mad, attempted to kill him. A policeman, who recognized the dog, saved his life and arrested the convict.

Real Frenchy!

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In one of the rope factories in Bushwick avenue, Williamsburg, N. Y., was the bone of contention for a fierce and hotly contested fight recently between two young women, each striving to gain his affections. The combatants were Annie Schiltz, who lives in Seigel street, and Marie Lanzenberg, of No. 30 Moore street. The fight took place in a lot in the rear of Waterbury's rope works, in Bushwick avenue, and was witnessed by several hundred people.

The young women are what is known as "Jenny" girls, and for a long time have worked in a ropewalk in Mauger street, near Morgan avenue. Gusie Freeman, who poses as the champion female pugilist, is a graduate from the same place. The lots have been the scene of many such contests. Every one of the women is expected to be able to take her own part and must be an adept in the art pugilistic.

Both of the combatants have known Dwyer for a long time, and he was unable to decide between them, but this was of no consequence to them, so long as they thought his affections were just as strong for one as for the other.

Three weeks ago the two women got into a wrangle over him, and it is alleged that Annie said that Dwyer thought more of her than he did of the other. They became bitter enemies and called each other names. They nearly came to blows in the factory, but, as fighting was against the rules, and it being a precedent long laid down that there must be a challenge and a fight to a finish, the quarrel was conducted in the regulation way. Their friends made the necessary preparations, and it was agreed to have the fight come off in the lots back of Waterbury's. Dwyer was not consulted.

The women were at the battle ground at 1 o'clock, prepared for the fray and accompanied by a large number of friends. No time was lost in the preliminaries. A ring was formed and the principals, wearing loose sweaters, went at each other savagely. A referee and timekeeper were not required, as all that was to be decided was which of the women was the stronger and able to stand the most punishment.

The amazons pounded each other viciously for over

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A Pretty Disturbing Element.

can do fancy tricks that would make many skaters envious and as a result he won the hearts of many fair maidens, and as a courteous, businesslike young man he felt compelled to reciprocate, or that is what he told his young wife, in order to hold his trade and make his place a popular one.

Now, on the shore of the pond, he had erected a small frame shanty which he called his parlor and reception-room. It was here that the proprietor of a Western avenue warehouse, gained a reputation second to none in the art of buckling on the maidens' runners. He had a system that couldn't be beaten and was kept busy during the entire evening, for the young lady skaters were continually calling upon him to "lighten their straps."

But to return to the skating professor. It was a cold night and the crisp northern wind made the skating rather unpleasant. But the evening dragged on and the time for departing arrived and the sign "skates off" was displayed. There were twelve rosy-cheeked maidens who sought shelter in his parlors to get thawed out, figuratively speaking, and they were thawed. It had been previously arranged to have the girls remain a while and enjoy a few minutes' social conversation. They had gathered in the little reception-room and joy reigned supreme. All had joined in that well-known song, "While the Dance Goes On," and had reached that part of the chorus where it says "no thought of the morrow."

The song was never finished, for suddenly, without a moment's warning, the curtain to the reception-room was thrown open and there appeared in the doorway, the blonde young man's wife. She glared in wrathful horror upon the pretty scene. That she had suspicions was evident, for she unbridled her tongue and poured forth a volley of pent-up emotion that shivered the

PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Young Wife Infatuated With a Theatrical Career.

A HUSBAND WHO WAS CAUGHT

He was All Right, But the Circumstances Were Very Much Against Him.

A BEAUTY CAUSES MUCH TROUBLE.

An infatuation for the gaudy tinsel, and plaudits of admiring hundreds, is the reason alleged by Joseph E. Trout, of Philadelphia, Pa., in his application for a decree of divorce which he asks from his wife, Delta W. Trout.

The case is peculiar, so much so that a careful search of the records of the Courts of Common Pleas failed to reveal any similar in detail, and so far as known there are not a dozen cases on the records of any of the courts in the United States. Lawyer Robert J. Arundel represents Trout, who is a young traveling salesman, employed by Rudolph Blankenburg & Co. At present he is traveling in the West, Chicago being the last place Lawyer Arundel heard from him.

Mrs. Trout, a beautiful young woman, who it is alleged is well known in that branch of the theatrical profession termed vaudeville, is now in Pittsburgh, with the Rents-Santley Burlesque Company, by whom she has been engaged for some time. Mrs. Trout is charged by her husband in the libel filed in Common Pleas Court No. 3, September Term, 1894, No. 59, with desertion, and he alleges that he has been left alone by her many times during the course of their married life, which covers a period of about six years.

Mrs. Trout, however, unlike the vast majority, did not leave her husband with the intention of deserting him. In fact, the young woman has, it is said, made every effort to effect a reunion; however, Trout has declined to accept her requests. The whole trouble, as Trout alleges in his libel, is that his wife refuses to leave the theatrical profession in which she is now engaged.

The libel as filed by Lawyer Robert J. Arundel, sets forth that the couple were happily married some six years ago in Chicago. In the "Windy City" the newly married pair enjoyed the sights, until one day Mrs. Trout, the bride, joined a theatrical company, which was then playing there.

Whether it was the allurements held out by the sight of gold and silver tinsel, of painted pastoral scenes, or beautiful palaces, or whether it was a desire on her part to star, Mr. Trout is unable to say, but anyhow, Mrs. Trout, he alleges, went on the stage. She displayed considerable talent from the outset, and soon became a favorite with many; indeed her success was so great, that when her husband requested her to return to him and leave the stage, she did not do so, but continued on in her professional career.

Trout alleges that many of the companions his wife necessarily has to meet in the theatrical world, were such that he would not desire to have her thrown in contact with, but although he urged her he states, to give up the vaudeville company, Mrs. Trout declined to do so. He waited what he thought a reasonable length of time, but finding that his wife still remained on the stage, Trout consulted Lawyer Robert Arundel, and the proceedings in divorce were begun.

Mrs. Trout who is known as Delta Roscoe, in the theatrical world, was served with the papers while she was in this city a short time ago, with the Rents-Santley company. She consulted Lawyer Fries and made several efforts to effect a reconciliation, and held several interviews, all of which, however, proved ineffectual and the case, unless something unforeseen occurs, will be called during the present term of court.

William H. Gardner, a stylishly-dressed, dapper young man of Chicago, Ill., was recently held to the criminal court in the sum of \$500 by Justice Bradwell on the charge of illegitimate parentage. The complainant was Miss Maude E. Lebeau, a very pretty and innocent-looking young woman who tearfully pleaded with her betrayer to right the great wrong he had done her. He was deaf to her appeals, however, and the justice, after a stern lecture, ordered that the defendant be compelled to answer for his crime in the upper court.

Gardner is employed as a salesman in a leading downtown clothing establishment, and Miss Lebeau has for some time past acted as an assistant. His *affaire d'amour* has caused no end of trouble, and the other night a well-known west side physician and the keeper of a lodging house and lying-in institute were arrested by Detectives Murray and Marks.

The physician, Dr. W. H. Emerson, is charged with having attempted a criminal operation, and Mrs. Halleck, who is the proprietress of furnished rooms, is accused of being an accessory. Gardner, also, was rearrested later, charged with being a party to the crime of malpractice.

The story of her disgrace, as related by Miss Lebeau, differs in no way from the oft-told tale of the confiding maiden and the designing lover. Under promise of marriage the oily-tongued young swell took advantage of the love-smitten girl and now when she has discovered that there is a brand on her character, she finds that she is to be a mother but not a wife. Nor were the appeals of her mother and stepfather of any avail and as a last resort Miss Lebeau has been compelled to apply to a court of justice for redress.

That Miss Lebeau was infatuated with Gardner is evident, for she left her home on Wabash avenue and Twenty-fifth street to live with him at various places on the west side—notably those of one Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Halleck. When the perfidy of Gardner was finally discovered by the betrayed girl she swallowed a large dose of laudanum. The prompt arrival of a physician and unremitting attention saved her life and when she

recovered sufficiently she determined to punish the man who had disgraced her.

The arrests are but a prelude to court trials which will no doubt bring to light many sensational features. The stepfather of Miss Lebeau is an employe of one of the largest downtown dry goods emporiums in the city and he is determined that his wife's child shall get just treatment at the hands of the law. Dr. Emerson is a well-known and reputable west side physician and his arrest was to him a great surprise.

"I remember the young lady who has caused all the trouble," said he while under arrest, "but I most emphatically deny the allegation made against me by her. I treated her for a female complaint but not for any other ailment. My record as a practicing physician is as clear as that of any man who ever graduated from a medical college. I do not fear the outcome of this trial, but I do confess that the prominence I shall receive from this matter is not at all desirable."

Mrs. Halleck stated that she had received the young girl at her home and that Gardner frequently visited her there.

"As to my being a party to the crime of malpractice," she said, "I don't understand how such a construction can be put on my actions. I knew the young woman was not well, but I never suspected, nor do I believe now that it was because she was an unwedded wife. Certainly there has been a mistake made by some one in causing my arrest. Sometimes young women who have been indiscreet come to my house and remain until they become well and strong, but that I ever assist or allow any wrong to be done is nonsense."

Gardner has little to say, except that he considers the action of Miss Lebeau one of blackmail.

"I know Miss Lebeau very well and we have been very close friends, perhaps too friendly for the welfare of both of us, but I have never made any promises that I will not and have not fulfilled." Further than this he refused to speak, stating that his attorney would do all further talking for him.

The arrested parties were arraigned before Justice Bradwell at the armory and a continu-



She Loved the Stage.

uance for ten days was granted to allow all parties to get ready for trial.

Some of the bitterest divorce suits in the courts have had a beginning in trifling and laughable incidents. An example of this is the case of Mary E. Fournery against Charles E. Fournery, who is charged in a Superior Court bill with being guilty of bigamy. The defendant is a saloon keeper at 309 Fifth avenue, in Chicago, Ill., and his wife keeps a boarding-house at 292 Fifth avenue and she claims to run them both.

On the night of Dec. 28 last Fournery started out, so the story goes, to have a good time with the boys. Some time during the evening the boys met a woman who was not averse to joining in the fun, which went merrily on. At a late hour the party returned to Fournery's saloon and there revel was kept up until morning. By the time the mail carrier delivered the first batch of letters to the door the party was feeling pretty good and while Fournery was receiving his mail the "lady" of the party grew very noisy. Being afraid that the din would disturb his wife, Fournery went back to the room and, shaking the letters at the woman, told her not to make so much racket.

Just at this point Mrs. Fournery, who had been aroused by the racket, opened the door and, seeing her husband holding the letters high up and extended toward the tipsy woman, rushed into the room.

"You horrid man," she shouted, "you are holding those letters up for this woman to kick at. I know you are not true to me."

Fournery protested, but the wrath of his spouse arose and at last he got angry. Before the wind-up he is said to have told his wife that he did not care for her anyway, as he had another wife who loved him. Taking him at his word Mrs. Fournery looked up her husband's past and claims to have learned that when he married her he had a wife living in Grand Rapids, Mich., named

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Josephine Moore Fournery. She claims they were married at Grand Rapids, Mich., on Dec. 25, 1884, and that eight years after that Fournery wedded her. She filed a bill with these charges and afterward the trouble was patched up and the bill dismissed. Now the difficulty has broken out anew and Mrs. Fournery has filed a new bill.

The Talbot family must be an unlucky one, and afflictions seem to have been particularly visited on the member who has an office at 88 Dexter building and lives at 61 Bryant place, in Chicago, Ill. The cause of his trouble is the good looks of his wife, who seems to be quite an attraction for men.

Last week the couple were coming down town on a street car and when about to alight happened to become distance apart. A young man named Henry Kopperl, who happened to be on the car, not noticing Mrs. Talbot's escort, accosted her, remarking that he would be pleased to make her acquaintance. Mr. Talbot, who was bringing up in the rear, noticed the conduct of the young man and as he alighted threatened to slap Kopperl's face. He was dared to do it, and his right shot out, catching the man on the jaw. The possessor of this last named started to run and was suddenly caught by the collar and a moment later turned over to a policeman by the insulted lady's husband. Officer McAuliffe called the wagon and sent the prisoner to the Harrison street station, the injured couple following on foot to make a complaint. They were told to come to the police court at 10 o'clock the following day and prosecute the man. But when they arrived at Justice Bradwell's palace of justice they found Kopperl had been dismissed for want of prosecution.

Later in the week Kopperl tried to get satisfaction, and had Talbot arrested for assault. When the case came up at the Thirty-fifth street station, Justice Wallace dismissed the case with the remark that Kopperl was the man who should be in custody. This is the way Mr. Talbot tells the story.

About a year ago Mrs. Talbot's good looks got her into the same kind of a predicament at the Palmer House, where she was the object of attention from a bad man inclined to flirt, who was given a good licking for his pains and then arrested and fined for his trouble. Mr. Talbot is not sorry that he has such a pretty wife but he declares that neither he nor she is to blame for the trouble they are

He is about to embrace a new career at the age of seventy-six. The doctor will place the most attractive part of his collection in two large carts, and travel throughout the United States and Mexico giving exhibitions.

SHE ONCE POSED AS IZA.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Emma I. Rosenberg, of New York, through her counsel at Providence, R. I., asks for a separation from Max Rosenberg because of his alleged cruelty and improper relations with other women. She several seasons ago posed before the public as Iza, in "The Clemenceau Case," creating a great stir then by appearing on the stage in scant clothing. At present she is ill in New York, but her bill of particulars was sufficient to cause Mr. Rosenberg's counsel to withdraw from the case.

It was alleged that Max once threw ammonia into her mouth and nostrils, and again, when she complained of his attentions to other women, kicked, beat and choked her. The decision of the Court was reserved.

SHE RIDES ASTRIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Hattie Hall has set the folks of New Milford and Oradell, N. J., talking, because she has adopted the "new woman's" riding costume and appeared on the public streets riding astride a handsome horse.

The men admire the young woman for her independent spirit and fine figure, and say their sisters, their mothers, aunts and nieces are talking so much because they are jealous.

Miss Hall's costume consists of bloomers, gaiters, derby hat and cutaway coat, with white collar and necktie.

Miss Hall is a bright young woman and is said to be studying for the stage.

CALEB NICKERSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Caleb Nickerson comes from Cape Cod, Mass., where some of our best seamen are born. He is a river pilot of remarkable ability and long experience, having entered the employ of Shortland Brothers over eighteen years ago and is still one of the mainstays of that wide-awake firm. Mr. Nickerson possesses all the requirements that easily place him at the head of his difficult calling. These comprise tact, foresight, skill and endurance. All of these qualities he has, besides many more that endear him alike to his friends and employers. A splendid likeness of Mr. Nickerson appears on another page.

PETE MULROY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Pete Mulroy is known for his many good qualities of head and heart and numbers his friends by the thousands. He is at present in charge of the "Midway," one of the prettiest and best appointed cafes in the Crescent City, and Pete's popularity has added materially to its trade. He was formerly connected with the Acme, Hotel Grunewald and Stock Exchange bars and was only secured as manager of the Midway at considerable expense. He is also a great admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE and thinks it the most reliable sporting journal in the country.

A SHOPLIFTER HUGGED HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A dark-complexioned young woman, who was arrested in Gimbel Bros' store, at Ninth and Market streets, in Philadelphia, Pa., for stealing a \$25 cape, caused no end of trouble to the detectives. She was caught in the act of stuffing the cape under her coat. Special Policeman McMannus saw her. He was unable to get the woman out of the store, as she resisted, and telephoned to the Detective Bureau for assistance.

Detective Bond, who was detailed to assist McMannus, did not succeed much better than the special policeman had, the young woman clinging at times to his neck and then to his coat-tails, begging piteously not to be locked up. When, after great trouble, she had been escorted into the Central Police Station, she gave her name as Ella Goldberg, of No. 417 South Fifth street.

FIGURES TOO NUDE.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt declares that the nude work in her splendid summer residence, the Breakers, at Newport, R. I., has been carried too far. In the erection of the house much of the decorations were set in female figures in the nude, some of the most experienced and artistic workmen being employed. One figure in particular in the billiard room has been seriously objected to by Mrs. Vanderbilt. This figure represents a woman and several small children, the upper portion of the woman's body being very conspicuous.

The alterations will be very expensive, yet men from abroad have been engaged to do the work. All the figures will not be taken out, as the workmen find they can use draperies to cover the objectionable features. Grecian figures are greatly used, but few of these will have to be touched. Many have seriously criticised Mrs. Vanderbilt for her determination, but she means to do away with everything objectionable, irrespective of cost.

JOSEPH E. HOLSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Joseph E. Holson, of whom this is a good likeness, is one of the concoctors of fancy beverages at the Midway Cafe, in New Orleans, La., and has considerable experience in that line, having served with satisfaction at the Crescent Hall, St. Charles Hotel and Branch "27" Cafes. Joe is full of fun and jollity, and something of a sport, and consequently reads the POLICE GAZETTE regularly to keep posted. He has legions of friends and knows how to entertain them, and in consequence his services are always eagerly sought after. He belongs to the Eleventh ward, and has a great deal of influence with the political bosses.

Full of Spice!

Love's Sacrifice, No. 8 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A bounding in thrilling situations, and illustrated by 50 elegant pictures. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

getting into, but says the next man who insults her in his presence will be served the same as the others.

ATTACKED BY A MONKEY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An Italian appeared on the streets of Mason, O., recently with a monkey and was amusing a large crowd with the animal's tricks. The exhibition was given in front of John Bahr's meat store, and among the spectators was Mr. Bahr's wife. The monkey, a large and vicious-looking animal, suddenly became unmanageable, and, springing into the crowd, seized Mrs. Bahr by the arm and sank its long teeth into her flesh. The lady screamed and the crowd scattered. Several plucky men seized the monkey and tore it away from its victim, but not until Mrs. Bahr had been badly injured. The monkey bit her twice, inflicting ugly wounds in the fleshy part of the arm, which was also torn badly. Dr. Van Dyke was summoned and found Mrs. Bahr seriously injured. The wounds were cauterized, and the victim is resting easy, although her family are considerably alarmed. Marshal Biggs gave the Italian ten minutes to get out of town, and he disappeared at once with the savage monkey.

DR. JOHN VEDDER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Dr. John Vedder's occupations have been varied, but his success is unquestioned. He is now the owner of a Museum and Zoological Garden in St. Augustine, Fla., in which, it is said, nearly all the wonders of creation may be seen.

He was born in Schenectady, N. Y., on July 22, 1819. It must be acknowledged that the doctor's earlier education was apparently not of a character calculated to prepare him for the occupation which he now pursues; the successive steps from blacksmithing to dentistry, and then to zoology, being generally regarded as transitions of a somewhat abrupt character, but in view of these circumstances in his life and his ultimate success, the doctor's career forces itself upon the attention as affording a remarkable exhibition of versatility.



TRAIN ROBBER BREAKS JAIL.

TRAIN ROBBER PERRY AND FOUR OTHER CONVICTS ESCAPE FROM THE MATTEAWAN, N. Y., ASYLUM.



RODE A BUCK LIKE MAZEPPA.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF A DARING HUNTER WHO WAS DEER STALKING, NEAR FORT MYERS, FLA.



HER TURN TO SING.

THE PROPRIETOR OF A FASHIONABLE SKATING RINK AT CHICAGO, ILL., WHILE ENTERTAINING HIS FEMININE PATRONS WITH SONGS, IS INTERRUPTED BY HIS JEALOUS WIFE.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

The League Pennant Fight Has Begun in Earnest.

CHANGES IN THE TEAMS.

How the New Rules will Affect the Playing This Season.

CRANKS ARE HAPPY ONCE MORE.

Again the cracks of the bat, the swish of the ball as it cuts through the air, and the monotonous tones of the umpire's voice are heard in the land. The National League season has begun, and the crank who has had to live on memories and prospects throughout a long winter is again in his element.

The struggle for supremacy upon the diamond will be a long one, lasting until well along to the end of September. All agree that the prospects for good ball, large profits and extended public interest were never brighter, and the cranks are looking forward with unbounded enthusiasm. Of course each city has its "rooters," and all are equally confident of the ultimate victory of their favorite teams, but the league race is yet to be run, and all predictions are necessarily hazardous, for no one can tell till they have played together what a team can do. Each club will play twelve games with each of the other clubs—six at home and six abroad—a total of 132 games for each club. The schedule has some noticeably good features this year which are quite new. Many of the series of games will be broken up instead of being played consecutively.

There have been a number of changes in the playing rules this year, most of which seem to be aimed at the better enforcement of the present laws rather than new ones. The umpires will be governed by much more stringent rules than heretofore, and will be subject to fine, just as the players are.

Another feature will be that the management of the teams will not be allowed to pay the fines of their players. All have agreed not to do this, and the men fined must pay out of their own money. This will reduce the kicking and other boisterous work of the unruly players somewhat by their fear of loss financially. Noisy coaching, swearing and talking back to the umpires will be severely treated this summer.

As to other changes, perhaps the most important is that which declares that a foul tip caught within ten feet of the plate will be counted as a strike this year. No player other than the catcher and first baseman will be allowed to wear big mits, and only small gloves will be allowed to other fielders and basemen. Owing to the confusion on the question of base running on short fly hits, the umpires this year will call out at once on each fly ball when two men are on bases and there is not more than one out, whether the ball is an infield or an outfield hit. On the former the base-runner cannot be forced out, and on the latter they can; hence the confusion in deciding. Taken all in all, the new rules all seem likely to work favorably, and the prospects for another good season—for both managers, players and spectators—are very bright.

The players schedule this year is in one respect a peculiar one. Instead of the western clubs opening the ball in the east or vice versa, as has been the custom, the season opens with the eastern clubs pitted against each other and the western clubs opposed by others from the same section of the country. After this first round, the eastern clubs go west and make a tour of the West, playing three games in each of the six western cities. This section is followed by the western teams coming east for a similar series in June. Again east vs. east and west vs. west, and again the eastern clubs go west and the western clubs take their turns in the east, and then the schedule winds up in September by another east vs. east and west vs. west series.

Many changes have been made in the complexion and make up of the twelve teams which constitute the National League; a notable one is in Cincinnati where Buck Ewing, the famous ex-captain of the New York Giants, has been signed to captain the team, and will cover first base for them this season. Ewing played with the Cleveland team last year, until his arm gave out again, when he gave up for the season. This year his arm seems to be in good shape, and Buck is back on the field again. Cincinnati is his native city, and Ewing seems glad to get back with the people he knew so well before he came east to play with the Giants. Comiskey, last year's captain of the Cincinnati team, and who also captained the famous St. Louis "Browns" during their eventful career in the American Association, will play with and captain one of the teams of the Western League this season. Cincinnati has secured a lot of young players from the Western League who are being tried for places this spring.

The acquisition of Centre-fielder Tom Brown, who has been secured from the Louisville team, has caused the St. Louis cranks to go wild with joy. He was once ranked as the fastest base runner in the league, and is still thought to be phenomenal in this line. He will play in the outfield during the season of 1895. St. Louis has also exchanged Pitcher Hawley for Pitcher Ehret, of Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh rooters are glad to secure the services of Hawley, for they believe him to be a really remarkable twirler, as do many of those in the East. Last fall Hawley pitched for St. Louis in the last series of games against the Boston team, and by his fine work in beating the Beaneaters three straight games, materially aided New York to win second place in the race for the league championship pennant.

The New York Giants intend making another strong bid for the "rag," as the championship pennant is irreverently called. They have started the season under the most favorable of auspices. Baseball enthusiasts as a rule, are very optimistic, but there seems to be good reason for the great horde of Metropolitan rooters to believe their team will land near the top of the heap—if not on the very apex of the pyramid—this season. Last year wound up in a blaze of glory, for although the Giants finished second to the Baltimore Orioles, they were virtually the champions. In the special series of games for Temple Cup, played directly after the close of the regular League season, they won four straight victories from the Baltimoreans. This spring there have been a number of important changes in the team, its players and its managers. In the first place, Andrew Freedman, a New York real estate dealer, has bought out a controlling interest in the club and now directs its movements. Freedman has started in with unbounded enthusiasm. He has secured a number of new players, and has retained almost all of last year's strong team. The chief loss to the club will be in famous old Johnny Ward, the captain, manager and crack second baseman of last year's team. Ward is now a past master in the art of baseball, and has grown almost too old for the game. He has started in to study law, and has given up baseball for good. His old place at second base will be hard to fill. Stafford and Little Yale Murphy are both being tried in that position, and one or the other will probably fill the place acceptably, though not in Ward's way. Davis will captain the Giants this summer in their long campaign, and will act as manager as well. He plays third base, and is one of the most reliable men on the team. With such a quartette of pitchers as Rustie, Meekin, Clark and German, and perhaps Knauss, the new man to fall back on, New York will be strong in that department, which is half the game in itself.

Many changes have been made in the make-up of the Brooklyn team. Dave Fouts, last year's captain and manager, will give up playing this season and devote all his energies to managing the team. His eyesight bothered him before the end of last season, and he had to stop playing ball for a time. Centre-fielder Griffin will act as captain of the team in his place. The Brooklyn team has also been strengthened in the pitcher's box by the exchange of Catcher King-

low for Pitcher Gumbert, of last year's Pittsburgh team. Griffin's release has been bought from Louisville, too, and he will take Gumbert's place behind the bat.

Washington has a lot of new men who are being tried for positions on the Senators' team, and an effort is being made to rejuvenate the club by the infusion of new blood.

The entire Louisville team, from manager down to centre-fielder, is composed of new men, all of whom are ambitious, and thus need less spurring on than do the veterans of the game. Pitcher will probably captain the Louisville. His reinstatement was one of the disputed points at the recent meeting of the National League. After a long and bitter argument he was finally taken off the blacklist, but only upon condition that he pay a fine of \$500 for his connection with the rival League scheme, and that he play with no other team than Louisville this season.

The changes in the other teams are of a minor character. Many of the new players are on probation only. The long series of preliminary practice games always serves to bring out the good material which is lying dormant, and the captains seldom have much difficulty in selecting from the men at their command when time is called. There are a lot of players under provisional contracts who will be released as soon as the final make-up of the teams is decided upon. A team cannot afford to carry eighteen or twenty players all summer, and many will be allowed to go as soon as the black sheep can be selected from the white. The games against college and other amateur teams during the two or three weeks before the regular League season opens do a heap toward making this choice an easy one, while in the South the men are still too green to show their real worth.

For anybody to attempt to figure on the outcome of the long fight now would justify his detention in an insane asylum. The result will be in doubt right up to the end, and at this stage of the game every club in the League is entitled to consideration as the probable pennant winner. "Rooters" are plentiful in every League city, and if their powers are potent, there will be twelve champion teams and twelve "rags" to be disposed of.

BASEBALL PICKUPS.

Carier, of Yale, is really the best of the college pitchers.

The Pittsburgh club is said to have secured a find in Pitcher Hart.

The "charley-horse" has attacked Jonett Meekin of the New Yorks.

Patsy Tebeau of Cleveland, is fifteen pounds lighter than he was last year.

Manager Hanlon pins his faith to Hemming as Baltimore's star pitcher for 1895.

Joe Kelly, of the Baltimore, intends to play the field this season without a glove.

Lack of team work is the greatest fault noticeable in the Phillies just at present.

Oil Hatfield wants to get away from Louisville. His desire is to play in Toledo.

The new grand stand of the Bostonians will be completed within the next ten days.

McGraw and Kelley, of the Baltimore Club, are still kicking over the salary question.

Major A. E. Fulton, the official mascot of the Baltimore, is with the team in the South.

Anson has already lost eighteen pounds in Texas, and expects to knock off twelve more.

It is hard to down Orator Jim O'Rourke. He now threatens to write a book on baseball.

Doan and Wilson, Boston's two new pitchers, are showing up well in preliminary work.

Tim Murnane notes that the Boston team is sealer by season becoming weaker in batting.

George Munson says the pennant race will be between Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

When Rustie reported at New York he weighed 236 pounds. He has reduced himself to about 200.

Anson has been playing first base for Chicago for fourteen years. He looks good for another term.

Dan Brotherton thinks Ward's retirement weakens the New York team more than they realize at present.

Denny Lyons is in splendid condition. The game he is playing would make Nash turn enviously green.

Manager Mack, of Washington, says he will alternate Killen, Hawley and Hart in the box this season.

Manager Hanlon, of Baltimore, is reported as being very much dissatisfied with the showing of his pitchers.

Jerry Denny is in the game's furnishing business at Norwich, Conn., and he says he is out of baseball for good.

Lester German is now regarded as the Adonis of the New York team. He has supplanted Farrell in this respect.

On each layer of stones in the foundation of Baltimore's new grand stand is a rabbit's foot, hermetically sealed.

The total amount subscribed for the relief of Fred Pfeffer amounts to \$5,555.00; the sums paid in aggregate \$75.00.

Ely is the Ely of 1894. There is more motive power in his right arm than in the chamber of a loaded dynamite gun.

Mickey McGraw considers Boston the only team in Baltimore's class, and has nothing but words of contempt for the Giants.

Pittsburgh uniforms this season are gray, with maroon trimmings, for the road, and white with dark blue trimmings while at home.

Arthur Clarkson has agreed to pitch for the St. Louis Browns. He is to receive \$1,000, and Von der Ahe will add \$200 for good behavior.

Sam Sanders, once a pitcher for the Phillies, is now a civil engineer. He is not only making money, but has acquired the habit of keeping it.

Dan Brotherton is throwing remarkably well. Dan's arm is as strong as it ever was. He has never had a lame arm since he has been in baseball.

McDonnell reminds one of Jack Stivett as he was in 1899. If the youngsters turn out as well as Stivett there will be much rejoicing in St. Louis.

"I'm right up to date," says Artie Latham, of Cincinnati. "I'll throw big all over the guys that think the old sport hasn't been taking care of himself."

Hayler Westervelt, the former Giant, will pitch for the Orange Athletic Club team this season. His present work in practice is said to be superior to his previous showing.

The Louisville Club will issue season tickets good for 66 admissions for \$25. The book will be transferable, and as many as may want to go in on it will be admitted to any game.

It was reported recently that Jack Oester, now playing with Columbia College, of New York city, has accepted an offer from Captain Anson, of Chicago, and will go west very soon.

Ball players are to-day the best paid men employed in any kind of business, and the player who will kick at a salary of \$1,000 and ask for more ought to be relegated to the bench and give some of the other players a chance.

Pete Browning is still fancy free. He has had numerous offers, but scorned them all. He says he is as good as the best this year, and will wait his time. Some one in the league will want him before long. He is apparently in excellent condition.

There is a rumor about that John M. Ward will again appear on the diamond. In conversation with a friend a few days ago Ward said: "Business is not particularly brisk just now, and indoor work is very trying. I would like to play during the summer."

"Rooters," Now Be Good!

Early next month the Police Gazette will present its readers with a handsome and finely-executed supplement on the great national game. Rooters, and all other enthusiasts, up this off along the line that your friends and every one else may get this great baseball supplement. It will pay for 13 weeks' subscription, supplement included. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

CZARS OF THE FIELD.

Pen Portraits of the Men Who Will Umpire the Big Games.

NEW AND OLD FACES.

Qualities that Fit Them for Baseball Officials.

THE NEW RULES FAVOR THEM.

Nominally and according to a strict interpretation of baseball rules, the umpire has long been monarch of all he surveys in the baseball diamond, but the rules have been loosely construed or more honored in the breach than the observance. But in the year 1895 the rules are like a two-edged sword. The umpire, if he is duly right in his discipline, can cut down a player's salary until it would be hard to find it with a microscope. On the other hand, if a field captain in the National League feels that an umpire has not done his duty, upon the filing within twenty-four hours of an affidavit made by himself and corroborated by another affidavit from some reputable witness, the umpire may be fined himself.

The rules say: "The umpire is master of the field from the commencement to the termination of the game, and is entitled to the respect of the spectators, and any person offering an insult or indignity to him, must be promptly ejected from the grounds." But, unfortunately, instead of being supported, he is the victim of the jeers and insults of the crowd time and time again, no matter how righteous his decisions. Indeed, so rabid are the spectators in some of the League cities, particularly Chicago, Cleveland, Baltimore and Boston, that if the above rule were enforced the benches would be depopulated. The feeling against the boisterous and insane coaching which has disgraced many contests in recent seasons finally found vent in the report of the Rules Committee of the league at the recent spring meeting. The limit of fines was increased to not less than \$25, nor more than \$100 for the first offense, as follows:

For vulgar, indecent or other improper language.

For the captain or coacher willfully failing to remain within the legal bounds of his position, except upon an appeal by the captain from the umpire's decision upon a misinterpretation of the rules.

For the disobedience by a player of any of his orders or for any other violation of the playing rules.

The umpire this season may also remove a player from the playing field in addition to fining him upon his first exhibition of vulgar, indecent or other improper conduct or language. As after this all fines "go," and from the pocket of the offending player, not from his club's treasury, some semblance of order and decency should obtain this summer, even with the Clarkes, McGraws, Beckleys, Donovans, Tuckers, Tebeaus, Berkets and other offensive and paralytic players. Hereafter the coacher must confine his mouthings to words of advice to the base runners, the umpire to be the sole judge of his utterances, and all offenses from this cause will be summarily dealt with, either by a fine or the relegating to the bench of the coacher and the prohibition of the whole team from coaching during the balance of the game.

Hereafter the umpires must interpret the rules precisely as they are written, and not according to their personal feelings. Every true lover of the game must feel a thrill of satisfaction over the prospect that the umpires must perform their whole duty under the rules under penalty of being themselves disciplined. Thus, the players and the umpires alike are placed under firmer control. But the League magnates omitted their most palpable duty when they neglected to provide a separate and distinct dressing-room for the umpire in each city.

More than ever, the poor umpire will be abused and threatened after the game this season, when the player is off the field and not amenable to the new cast-iron rules. In the freedom of the one general dressing-room, whether the umpire use that of the home team or the visiting team, the same outrageous conduct will be displayed by the "muckers" of the losing team. In private conversation with the writer, the presidents and other officers of almost every club in the League have agreed that a separate room for the umpire is a necessity. Indeed, the umpire would be justified in demanding as his right a refuge from the men who make rowdiness under the name of baseball vitality.

Among the new men who are officiating in the National League this season is McDonald. He umpired in California and elsewhere in the West so successfully that President Nick Young, who has authority to select the umpires and assign them, chose him for the National League this season. One familiar face is missing. Tim Hurst, regarded everywhere as one of the best umpires that the game ever saw, was not reappointed owing to the opposition of five of the League clubs. Anson vowed that Hurst should never umpire another game in Chicago two years ago, so last year the hostlers on the benches in the Windy City had Lynch most of the season, and when he was assigned elsewhere a local light, James, officiated. This year Tim will be an Eastern League umpire, and it's safe to say there will be less kicking when he decides the "outs" and "strikes" than anywhere in the country.

Tim Keefe, whose smile and bewitching curves used to delight every New Yorker when that famous Keefe and Ewing battery was in the points at the Polo Grounds, will continue to call balls and strikes on the pitchers, sometimes under the impression that the home plate has been widened, like the pitcher's, to 24 inches, and sometimes thinking it has shrunk to a narrow line in the dust, but always meaning to be just and fair.

Lynch, who permits no familiarity on the part of the players, either on or off the diamond will maintain the dignity of his position again this year in a way that all the others could emulate with profit to themselves and benefit to the American national game. His clear voice, prompt decisions and absolute honesty make him a welcome figure wherever a broad-minded lover of the game exists.

Bob Emalle and Jack McQuade are old favorites. The former was selected by President Young and Managers Ward and Hanlon to umpire in the Temple Cup series last October. No better proof of the Canadian's qualification could be desired. He is rigid in discipline, has a good voice, though not sonorous, and is respected and liked as well as any man occupying such a trying position can be.

McQuade's "Too-so balls," "rikes," etc., are familiar to every baseball crank. He officiated at the Polo Grounds at the last game, the final home contest, with the Pittsburgh Pirates, on Sept. 6, 1894, and the way he decided every close play against the men who were straining every nerve to catch Baltimore and bring the pennant to the Empire State and City left a bitter taste in the mouths of every New Yorker. Mac had strong provocation, as the players admitted but they were not the cause, though they had to suffer. Nobody questions McQuade's ability to umpire a game on his merits, and he has been satisfactory for the most part here as well as elsewhere.

Betts, the remaining potentate of the diamond, was a new comer last year. He is big, has a voice like a bull of Baaham, is courteous to everybody, but severe with all offenders. He is a skilled mechanic and during the winter works at his trade in Washington. One result of his genius is about to appear in the form of a new umpire's indicator which he has invented and is about to put on the market. It is about the same size as the old indicators, fits the palm of the closed hand, with prongs reaching between the fingers and the thumb and forefinger. On the upper side are two fuses, one marking the strikes, the other the bad balls. A pressure on the prongs with the thumb registers a strike, and similar pressure with the little finger scores a ball. It is filled with catches, so that there is no chance of slipping and registering falsely.

To Harry Wright, the genial "chief of umpires," everybody has a word of praise to offer. His services in upbuilding the national

GENERAL SPORTING NOTES.

Holbert, the famous English long-distance racer, has decided to prepare for long-distance rides in the spring.

The National Turf Congress is considering a new set of rules for the government of racing under its jurisdiction.

The Racing Cyclists' League of England is preparing to make a demand upon the National Cyclists' Union to adopt C. A. and B.

The Massachusetts division of the League of American Wheelmen has appropriated \$1,000 for the spring division meet to be held in Boston May 30.

The French Touring club has about 10,000 members. The Cyclists' Touring club of England, after reaching 22,000 in 1894, years, lowered to 14,168 in 1894.

The wife of Jockey Charley Kuhn, who was outlawed for riding at East St. Louis, is circulating a petition to have her husband restored to the ranks of licensed jockeys.

Imperatrice, by Imp. Warminster, out of Inverary, by Imp. Leamington, the property of Mr. James M. Mulligan, died last week. She was 11 years old and was the dam of several fair horses.

Mr. W. H. Landeman has sold to Messrs. Clay & Woodford, proprietors of the Runnymede Stud, the 6-year-old mare La Colonia, by Hindoo, out of The Niece. Price private. La Colonia was bred to Teuton.

John Higgins, who defeated Joe Darby for the all round jumping championship of the world, writes to the Police Gazette that he is coming to America in June and is open to jump anywhere here for \$1,000 a side.

Isaac Murphy, the noted colored jockey, has left Lexington for Nashville, where he will begin the season. Murphy now weighs about 114 pounds. He is in good health and promises to give a good account of himself this year.

Louise Armande, the female champion bicycle rider, who holds a record of 1,050 miles in 129 hours, called at the Police Gazette office and left a challenge to ride any professional man or woman 50 or 100 miles, for \$250 a side.

Boston, New York and Philadelphia can afford to keep Bannan, Murphy and Turner on the bench. Those Eastern teams must be pretty strong. Turner was second in the batting average last year. Murphy and Bannan are phenoms of the most phenomenal sort.

Fred Tarsi expects to earn \$60,000 this season. The Koonce will pay him \$10,000 for first call on his services; the South stable \$12,500 for second call, and P. J. Korn \$5,000 for third call. This makes his assured income \$35,000, and he expects to pick up the rest on the outside.

Jack Schaefer and his manager, Charles Parker, have returned to Chicago. The latter says the Schaefer-Ives trip was highly successful until Frank became sick. Then they were compelled to cancel nearly \$5,000 in engagements. Ives is now in San Francisco, much improved in health.

Byron McGilliland has declared Henry of Navarre and Halse, out of the Ullman handicap, to be run at the next Hawthorne meeting. Twenty-eight have been declared, among other prominent ones being Lazarus, Ingomar, Lisak, King Lee, Counter Tenor, Pearl Song, Blanco and Pintos.

The best two-year-old filly to show at New Orleans is Bonnie Jean, by Imp. Deceler, out of Ramona, by Ten Brock. She has won twice recently and in so impressive a style and over large good fields, as to indicate that she is an extra good filly. She was bred by Mr. Nat Pettit of Lexington.

During the long winter meeting which has just closed at New Orleans, the magnificent sum of \$121,145 was hung up in purses by the Crescent City and New Louisiana Jockey clubs. The meeting of the latter organization only covered six days, and \$5,500 was offered. The money was pretty well divided among the horsemen.

Dave Gideon is back again in New York, after several months spent in San Francisco. Racing at the Golden Gate is all right in its way, but it is not New York racing, and that is what Mr. Gideon loves best. He is confident that there will be an abundance of good racing about New York during the coming season.

Rabicon is reported as having worked half a mile at Sheepshead Bay last week in .51. This is by three or four seconds the fastest work done there this spring. The Sheepshead Bay trainers are beginning to think that J. E. McDonald's long-striding son of Rayon d'Or will have more than a chance in the Brooklyn Handicap.

Tommy Shannon, the young turkman of Lexington, has met with very hard luck so far this year. Only a few weeks ago he lost by death at New Orleans, the 8-year-old colt Paddy Quinn, and the other night, his very good filly Julia Arthur died at Nashville. This comes pretty hard on the young turkman, but he is game and will soon come again.

The New York A. C.'s Committee on Plans have offered four prizes, amounting in all to \$2,500, for the best designs for a new club house to accommodate 3,000 members, and to be located at Fifty-ninth street and Sixth avenue. According to the committee, the cost of the new building must not exceed \$450,000, and the plans must be handed in not later than May 25, 1895.

Under the new racing law in New York State racing associations must post placards stating that pool-selling, bookmaking or any other form of gambling is prohibited, and to appoint five or more policemen to enforce the law. After which the members of such association are not personally liable for any offense committed. No association must receive a revenue for permitting gambling in any form.

Gu La Rose is the name of a new strong man who will make a bid for popularity. He is 26 years old and weighs 128 pounds. At a recent exhibition he began by holding a 50-pound weight at arm's length in each hand alternately. He then put up a 95-pound weight five times with his left arm. Grasping a 125-pound weight in his right hand, he pushed it up six times, and then hoisted a barbell weighing 150 pounds 12 times above his head.

Mr. Kid Wheeler, the "cash-prize king," was asked upon his arrival in Paris the other day, to give an opinion of the Zimmerman-Houben match, and this is what he said: "Houben is a good rider, but Jim is too good to be beaten, and I think it will be an easy victory for the 'Skeeter.' However, if the match between Zimmerman and Houben does not come off, I can assure you that Houben will find another competitor in myself to keep up the American flag, as I will challenge him."

The Californians are given to jolly themselves a little. Here is a sample of the way they pass a bouquet to themselves. It is a clipping from the *Breeder Sportsman*: "They bet more money on races in San Francisco to the square inch," said a well-known racing man, "than in any place in the world, and I have been at every racing center in this country and Europe. It is no uncommon thing to see over \$100,000 change hands here in one day, and that with not over fourteen bookmaking firms to handle it, either. I tell you no one ever saw such betting as has been going on during the past month, and racing has also been as good as the speculation."

The worst handicap that Alexander Island labors under is the incompetency of jockeys. It is now the only outlawed track in the country, and naturally good jockeys refuse to ride there, knowing that they would not get mounts elsewhere thereafter. Patsy McElmott, George Taylor and Fitzsimmons are probably the most experienced of the boys at this track. Willie Ham is a good rider, and some of those of moderate ability may be called Parnon, Murphy and Carter. The others are stable boys who have been educated up to riding at this track. Even the best of the jockeys, however, do not class with four-rate boys who ride on the legitimate tracks. With such a lot of boys it is no wonder that howls of jockery are of frequent occurrence.

New Ideas On Boxing.

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AMONG THE FIGHTERS.

Erne Now Aspires to Wear
George Dixon's Crown.

CORBETT DECLARES HIMSELF

American Gold Brings Another English
Pug to Our Shores.

INTERESTING GOSSIP AND SMALL TALK

Away out upon the pugilistic horizon looms another aspirant for Dixon's crown. Frank Erne, of Buffalo, who has been winning fame in local contests, and who recently went to England and tried to get on a "go" with Willie Smith, the featherweight champion of England, has challenged O'Rourke's breadwinner, and there is evident prospect of their meeting sometime in June. While I admire Erne's ambition to be at the top of the class, and believe he will one day be a legitimate factor in championship affairs, I cannot bring myself to believe that his career, his experience, and his talents, clever as he is, justify him in going against Dixon just yet. I hold rather conservative views upon the way a fighter should be handled from the outset of his career to obtain the best results, and I am prompted to say that Erne has been ill-advised. Smart racing men say there never was a spot too soft to drop a good horse into, and the secret of the success of many a flyer has been due to a good trainer's conservative estimate of his class, putting him into races where he had better than an even chance. Erne would do well to consider this, and take a lesson from Jack Skelly's experience. The latter, had he kept his ambition within bounds, might yet have been a prominent factor in ring affairs. He overestimated his ability, went against Dixon, lost and now he is recalled as the "plaster" who thought he could beat a state horse.

Nobody has a greater admiration for the Buffalo boy than myself. He is clever and heady, and is bound to make his mark, but instead of flying at the weathercock he should be content to fight his way to the top, acquiring knowledge with each experience and adding to his store of wealth by picking up all the sure money to be had. A defeat by Dixon, splendid champion that he is, would give Erne a setback from which he might never recover and thus would a promising career be slipped in the making.

There is a hustle going on in the heavyweight division for the first chance at Bob Marshall, an alleged English pugilist, whom Charley Norton of Newark, is trying to boost into national prominence. Marshall, who is a big gawky looking fellow, arrived in New York a week or two ago. Nobody had ever heard of him, and the chances are he would have remained a nonentity, had he not been trotted into view by Norton like the freaks in the ethnological congress. Marshall says he is a fighter, and has been in the ring, but whether it was a betting ring or a circus ring, deponent sayeth not. He has picked out a mark, none other than Peter Maher, and Norton, to give a degree of importance to the affair says he will back his new protegee for \$2,500.

What a lucky man John Quinn is to have \$2,500 virtually thrown at him, but then I don't think Norton's offer is genuine; do you?

Corbett has declared himself, and in a manner most significant at this time, upon the eve of the date when Fitzsimmons must either put up the \$5,000 to make his stake good or admit his inability to fulfill the obligation which entitles him to a meeting with the champion. The latter said in conversation the other day: "If Fitz does not come up to all requirements on May 1, the whole thing will be then and there called off, and the very next steamer will find me on my way to England to take a match with Peter Jackson to go him to a finish before the National Sporting Club of London, which will give us a purse, as the sporting public already know. I am anxious to retire from the ring and get into a more respectable business, but I feel that I must win at least one more fight before I cut it all. Some people profess to believe that Jackson can whip me. Others think Fitzsimmons could do the trick. It comes down to this now: One of them must whip me or be whipped. If Mr. Fitzsimmons won't come to time I will force Jackson to fight me again, as he is entitled to that chance, having fought a draw with me years ago. Will I take down the \$5,000 which Fitzsimmons has posted as a forfeit, providing he can't raise the other \$5,000? I must certainly will, and I will keep it. Mr. Fitzsimmons put me to no end of trouble by coming out of his class to challenge me, and I am resolved that he must either fight me or lose the money."

This is how Fitz looks at the matter:

"I have been informed," says Fitzsimmons, "that Corbett intends to claim my money now up if I fail to make good the remainder at the time mentioned. Well, I don't see how he can do so. Stake money is not forfeit money, therefore I doubt very much if Corbett can claim any part of it so long as I am willing to fight him. If I put my money up as a forfeit and not as a stake I would not question Corbett's claim to the money. Stake money can only be claimed by a party to a match when the other refuses to fight. I have no thought of refusing to fight Corbett, and so long as I am sincere in my desire to go on with the match the money cannot be withdrawn. If Corbett wants to set mean in the matter I will let him have the \$5,000 and fight him for the purse alone. I never felt more confident of beating a man in my life than I do of Corbett. I will lick him and I will do the job so quickly that he will never know what happened."

If, on Shakespearean authority, a function may be described as short and tedious, it is permissible, I suppose, to say of pugilism that it has been tame and varied; and this is the description I would give of the week just ended. In New York it has been varied, in the sense that while we have had plenty of talk, challenges, etc., to ruffle the serene placidity of the situation, not a match has resulted, not the semblance of an arrangement made for an important fight. It has been correspondingly tame in the respect that no fights have taken place to merit more than passing notice. A fairly good entertainment was given at the Manhattan Athletic Club, however. Jack Williams, well known among old-time sporting men as the sparring partner of Frank Crysler, who was billed under the name of Jack Fitzjames, and who was to box Sammy Manderville, did not do so. The reason was, he declares, that he had an excellent understanding when the match was made that he was not to be against a colored man. Manderville is colored, so he refused to enter the ring. Kid McParland was substituted. Manderville was clever, and caught the fancy for awhile. But McParland, while taking his punishment, was making a close study of his adversary's methods, and by the fourth round had sized him up, so to speak, and began to give as good as he received. He succeeded in getting a draw. Jack Dana, of New Zealand, made an excellent showing in the fourth and fifth rounds, but in the others Hagerstrom demonstrated superiority and gained the verdict. Alf Hanson, of England, easily bested Jim Butler, of this city, who was in poor condition. Shadow Maher and Jimmy Handley gave a friendly and scientific exhibition, and they were followed by Fred Morris, the Black Cyclone, and Charles Strong. Morris showed a clear advantage, and won. Joe Ellingsworth and Paddy Gorman wound up the night's entertainment. In the opinion of every fair-minded person present Gorman deserved the decision, but the judges agreed on Ellingsworth.

Paddy had a clear lead, but the judges had evidently left their glasses at home, and could not see that way. A howl was raised when the verdict was announced.

"Make hay while the sun shines," remarked matchmaker Kennedy with a significant shrug of his gigantic shoulders, when I asked him the other day if the Seaside Club wasn't rushing things a trifle in giving two shows a month. "The people want 'em," he went on to say, "and just as long as there is a call for fist entertainment, we are ready to supply the demand. The programme for the next affair at Coney Island has just been completed. The leading bout of the night will be between young Jack Madden, of Brooklyn, and Johnnie Connors, of Springfield, Ill. Both lads claim to be champions, and this will be the best test of comparative ability that they have ever had. Madden, under competent instruction, has been steadily going ahead since he made his first appearance as a professional. Connors has fought a number of hard and well contested battles, and he has an excellent chance of winning. John Gorman, of Long Island City and Jack Skelly, of Brooklyn, two rivals for a half dozen years, will meet in a deciding bout of eight rounds. Skelly and Gorman are carefully training for this bout, each having a decision to his credit in a previous contest. Shadow Maher, the clever Australian welterweight, will have an interesting struggle with Alf Hanson, an Englishman who has a reputation for punching straight and hard. Maher's cleverness resembles Griffe's; in fact, he is said to be the most skilful Australian in the ring yet seen in this country. The six men for the three bouts are already at work at their respective training quarters. This will be Maher's first appearance in the East in a bout for a decision. Hanson says that it is the first good opportunity that he has had to earn a good reputation, and he is going to grasp it. This bout will hardly be second to the one between Connors and Madden."

SAM AUSTIN.

FISTIC SMALL TALK.

John T. Griffin, who at one time thought that he was a champion boxer, has gone to Chicago looking for a bout.

Billy Madden has left Buffalo, where boxing is dull, for Syracuse, and may decide to push boxing forward in the last named town.

Maxey Haugh and Ed Alford, are training for a bout to take place on April 30, at 114 pounds, before the Winfield Athletic Club.

Kid Lavigne, of Saginaw, and Jerry Marshall, the negro pugilist, lately from Australia, fought eight rounds last Friday night in Chicago, before the Triangle club.

Kid McParland, who has \$50 forfeit posted, has challenged Tim Murphy, the ex-110-pound champion, to meet him under the auspices of one of the leading athletic clubs.

The Atlantic Athletic Club will bid for Griffe and Lavigne. As the Seaside Athletic Club is also anxious for a bout between those principals, a lively time is on the cards.

The Pastime Athletic Club, of Memphis, Tenn., has closed with Australian Billy McCarthy to fight twenty-five rounds with Kid McCoy, the week following April 30, for a \$1,000 purse.

Jack Everhardt, the New Orleans lightweight, called at the Police Gazette office and announced his willingness to box Kid Lavigne for the \$2,000 purse offered by the Olympic Club of New Orleans.

Paddy Gorman, who boxed Joe Ellingsworth at the Manhattan Athletic Club recently, called at the Police Gazette office and left a challenge to Ellingsworth to box 10 rounds or to a finish at Coney Island.

Jersey City is booked for a period of activity and match making among the boxers. Great things are expected of the new club formed there, and it will have to be well managed to live up to the predictions already made regarding it.

Jack Everhardt wants to go to England to fight Arthur Valentine, the lightweight champion. The Police Gazette is calling to Matchmaker Fleming, of the National Sporting Club, London, asking if a purse would be given for the bout.

Paddy Smith, brother of Denver Ed Smith, who was last seen here in his contest with Young Corbett, the champion's protegee, whom he defeated in twenty-seven rounds, at Roby, has placed himself in the hands of Parson Davies, and is anxious to meet Young Griffe or Jack Everhardt in the near future.

Bob Cunningham, who defeated Joe Gates, of Birmingham, Eng., at the Manhattan Athletic Club, has posted \$50 forfeit in New York city and challenged the winner of the fight between Kid Madden and Johnny Connors, of Springfield, Ill., which takes place at the Seaside Athletic Club on April 23. Cunningham will fight Barry for the 105-pound championship.

The outcome of the fight between Sam Tompkins, of Astoria, and Austin Gibbons, at the next boxing tournament of the New York Athletic Club, is exciting a lot of interest among the local fistic fraternity. Max Kane has deposited \$50 and issued a challenge to fight the winner a limited number of rounds for \$250 a side.

A cable to the "Police Gazette" received April 13, announces a match between Tom Williams and Lachie Thompson, the welterweight champion of Scotland. Williams is the Australian champion who was beaten by Mysterious Billy Smith at Coney Island two years ago. The fight will take place in London, on June 11.

At the Leland Opera House, Albany, last Friday night, Young Griffe and George Reynolds sparred 6 rounds. Reynolds is a tenth-rate man compared to Griffe, who banged him when and where he pleased, but did not put him out. No decision was given. Tom Denny and Jack McManus, a local man, fought 6 rounds. Denny was given the fight. Billy Smith could not put out Jack Mullin, although he banged him hard for six rounds, and was given the decision.

MILLER "GITS THAR."

Fred Miller, the "Police Gazette" champion tramp, who is now walking from New York to Jacksonville, Fla., and returns on a wagon of \$5,000, arrived at the Union Station, Jacksonville, Fla., on April 10, thus completing just one-half of his task. He was accompanied by his dog, Guss, a large, powerful pointer. Miller started from New York on his journey at 8 o'clock on the morning of February 5, and has been just sixty-seven days accomplishing half his walk. The condition of the waxy was that he was to walk from New York to Jacksonville and return in seven months from the time of starting. He was to start with nothing and was to receive nothing but food and clothing while on his route. He has lost but seven pounds in weight since he started on his long jaunt. Miller expects to remain in Jacksonville two days and then start on his return trip.

MOORE AND MORRIS TO MEET.

Dick Moore, of Minneapolis, and Fred Morris, of Washington, D. C. (Muldoun's Cyclone), signed articles April 13, to fight fifteen rounds before the Castle Square A. C. in Boston May 14. Moore also signed to fight fifteen rounds with Tom McCarthy, in Bradford, Pa., April 20.

The games between Pittsburgh and Cleveland this year promise to be more exciting than ever. The feeling of rivalry between the two cities is more bitter than last season and the chances are there will be warm times when the Pirates and the Tarantulas meet.

Capt. Ewing, of Cincinnati, is doing pretty well, thank you, for an old gentleman. Six times at bat, five hits (two of 'em doubles), three runs and a stolen base. During his vacation last season Buck must have polished up that batting eye of his with pumice stone.

"Rooters," Now Be Good!

Early next month the Police Gazette will present its readers with a handsome and finely-executed supplement on the great national game. Rooters, and all other enthusiasts, tip this off along the line that your friends and everyone else will get this great baseball supplement. \$1 will pay for 13 weeks' subscription, supplement included. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

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RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

F. L. W., East Milton, Me.—Certainly not.

READER, Philadelphia, N. Y.—Philadelphia.

P. B., Chicago, Ill.—Peter Jackson is a negro.

E. B., Essex, Conn.—High, low goes out first.

T. M., Newburg, N. Y.—Yes, but it was an unjust one.

F. H., New York.—We keep no record of exhibitions.

R. P. O'., New Britain, Conn.—The party who held the king won.

S. W. C., New York.—John C. Henan was defeated by Tom King.

M. C., Albany, N. Y.—The limit of middleweights is 154 pounds.

P. S., —Jim Corbett and Jim Hall never fought for a purse or stake.

T. C., Newark, N. J.—John Morrissey stood 5 feet 11 inches in height.

E. O' B., Yuma, Ariz.—Send on a deposit and we will publish your challenge.

G. B., Mineville, N. Y.—Yes, they fought for the championship of the world.

A. C., Flatbush, N. Y.—We have no record of Sullivan engaging in such a row.

L. P. C., Walsenburg, Col.—The dice must be thrown over again, as it was a foul throw.

L. A. C., Muskogee.—The violin, piano and cornet are the three leading and most popular.

CHALOUPEK, Charlevoix, Mich.—If you pocketed nine balls fairly without a scratch you won.

C. C., Waupaca, Wis.—1. Send 25 cents and we will send you portrait. 2. It is pronounced Sire.

P. H. W., Worcester, Mass.—Charley Mitchell generally weighs about 175 pounds, untrained.

M. C., Phillipsburg, N. J.—John C. Henan and Tom King fought at Wadsworth, Eng., on Dec. 10, 1893.

J. K., Gallinas, O. T.—Bob Fitzsimmons defeated Peter Maher in the Olympic Club, New Orleans, La.

J. L., Evansville, Ind.—Who was the first pugilist to put out Jack Dempsey? LeBlanche, the Marine.

C. B., Charlevoix, Mich.—Sullivan broke his arm when he fought with Patsy Cardiff in Minneapolis, Minn.

P. B. D., Mendocino, Cal.—What is the height of Bob Fitzsimmons, the pugilist? 5 feet 11½ inches.

N. U., New York.—Corbett weighed 178 pounds when he fought Sullivan, Sept. 7, 1892, in New Orleans, La.

A. J. G., Montreal, N. B.—1. The ball counted. 2. We only answer questions through the Police Gazette.

J. L., Clarkston, Mich.—Mitchell is actually a middleweight, as he can fight as low as 154 pounds if necessary.

J. B., Tampa, Fla.—Did Denver Ed Smith ever fight George Godfrey and who won? Godfrey won in 23 rounds.

N. F. S., Tulsa, I. T.—Can a man be cut with a five-ounce glove in a boxing contest? Yes, it happens frequently.

C. B. G., Lemont, Ill.—What weights did Fitzsimmons and Dempsey fight at? Fitzsimmons 150½, Dempsey 147½.

B. R., Mechanicsville, N. Y.—Send 25 cents to this office and we will mail you "The Life and Battles of Jim Corbett."

J. S., Kufaula, Ala.—Was Sheriff, the "Praesian," the man that Sullivan broke his arm over? No; on Patsy Cardiff.

B. H., Chicago.—The proper way for you to secure a match is to post a deposit with the Police Gazette and issue a challenge.

P. F., Vall, Ia.—A bats D he weighs more than him; on being weighed they both weigh 160 pounds, who wins the bet? D wins.

J. M. V., Jefferson, Tex.—The George Reddons you refer to who fought Tommy Kelly and Arthur Chambers, died several years ago.

J. A. A., New Haven, Conn.—1. Sullivan won the championship by defeating Paddy Ryan. 2. It was published on Sept. 15, 1892.

P. J. H., Chicago, Ill.—Tom Sayers and Nat Langham fought 61 rounds according to prize ring rules, in 2 hours 3 minutes, on Oct. 18, 1883.

J. H. R., Quincy, Ill.—Send 25 cents and we will send you a book containing the information. We have not space to publish the rules.

J. R., Waterbury, Conn.—I would like to know how I can get to Russian Poland? Write to the Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

G. B. S., Haverhill, Mass.—Did Corbett and Jackson ever fight to a draw? The decision was "no contest," but the result was virtually a draw.

C. P., Leadville, Col.—What was the population of the city of Cincinnati in 1885 to decide a bet? Address the Bureau of Vital Statistics, Cincinnati, O.

J. C. B., Jr., Iowa, Mich.—Sullivan and Mitchell only faced each other in battle twice in the ring. In Madison Square Garden, N. Y., and near Chantilly, France.

G. H., Providence, R. I.—Tom Sayers' arm was injured early in his battle with John C. Henan, but not broken. Sayers never had his arm broken in a prize ring encounter.

J. C., Boston, Mass.—1. The McAuliffe-Gibbons fight took place in the Granite Athletic Club, Hoboken, on Sept. 11, 1890. 2. It was to be a finish, but was stopped by the police.

J. McA., Timberline, Mont.—Which race is run first in the year in England, the Lincolnshire Handicap flat race or the Liverpool Grand National hurdle race? Lincolnshire Handicap.

J. W., Danville, Kan.—1. Ten seconds, made in running by report of pistol from the scratch, is a fast performance. 2. Yes. 3. Send 25 cents to this office for "The American Athlete."

R. G., Harvey, Ill.—In playing four-handed euchre, A could not order his partner to take up the trump. He could order him to turn trump down and then he would have to play alone.

R. S., Newburg, N. Y.—Charley Mitchell claims that when he fought John L. Sullivan the four-round (limited) contest in Madison Square Garden, N. Y., that he weighed 147 pounds.

J. M., Gold Hill, Nev.—Have you any record of an English pugilist by the name of Jim Fell? Yes; such a fighter flourished here around 1885. We don't know what became of him.

W. A. W., Deming, N. M.—Is there any book published giving cuts of the different movements in swinging Indian clubs with full instructions? Send 25 cents to this office for book of rules.

F., Albany, Ga.—Do straight count in throwing poker dice, and are ace high? Yes; if an agreement is made. Aces are low except where a specific understanding exists that they shall be high.

S. H., Helena, Mont.—Please inform me the year and date that Sullivan and Ryan fought for the world's championship. Please be accurate, as there is considerable wagered thereon. Feb. 7, 1892.

J. J., Chicago, Ill.—Four men play a game of poker, two drop out, leaving two to play, has a man who drops out or passes any right to interfere in the game should there be an argument between the two who are playing? No.

W. H. McC., Buffalo, N. Y.—Q bets D \$20 that the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 straight flush beats the 9, 10, jack, queen, king straight flush, which

hand wins? Ace is low in the first sequence; the 9, 10, jack, queen and king is highest.

E. D., Leadville, Col.—Where can I find the poem entitled "I She Be Guilty, Why Not." It was published in a paper of years in the year 1883? Papers are out of print and we have no means of referring to the back dates you mention.

Cox, New Bedford.—A bats B that a piece of money is issued which reads American shilling of which 8 pieces make exactly one dollar. No coin of that denomination is issued, although a shilling is commonly alluded to, meaning the equivalent of 12½ cents.

M. D., North Adams, Mass.—How many rounds did it take Corbett to knock Choyinski out the first time they met? In the first fight of which there is any record Corbett did not knock him out; the police interfered in the fourth round. They had two grudge fights before this one, and according to Corbett he stopped Choyinski in one and two rounds respectively.

SPORT OF ALL SORTS.

Events of Passing Interest that Merit
Criticism.

That all is not as it should be in the new Manhattan Athletic Club of New York has been reported for several weeks. It is now said that two of the leading men in the club are engaged in a quarrel over the management. One of the two wants Charles Genslinger, late of New Orleans, who launched the club so successfully a few weeks ago, placed in charge of the house; the second man will not listen to the proposition. The two cannot agree and each would like to force the other out. On the basis of the receipts to date it is stated on reliable authority that when well managed the new Manhattan Athletic Club can be made to produce profits amounting to \$100,000 a year. The club is financially in good shape, despite the efforts to embarrass it. One scheme has been on foot to so entangle the club's affairs that a change in the management can be effected. Members, who have become tired of the squabbling, are beginning to resign. Unless a reasonable degree of harmony can be maintained in this organization, its future will not be of the rosiest. A successful athletic club of the size of the Manhattan cannot be conducted by novices, and many of the mistakes made in the Madison avenue clubhouse have been so absurd as to be laughable.

Under the direction of the "Police Gazette" Harry Sondermyer, a young German, who has been only five months in America, has undertaken to visit the principal city of every State of the American union, and of Canada, Mexico and Central America in the space of three years, and to make the journey afoot. The principal cities will be considered the capitals. He has already touched three States and will go from Boston to Concord, N. H., thence to Augusta, Me., thence to Montpelier, Vt. and Ottawa. He has figured that his trip will be 40,000 miles long, and if he does 40 miles a day on the average he will cover the distance in two years and three months. He is a short, stocky fellow, with a ruddy, healthy face, looks honest and swears he is as honest as he looks, and that his trip is no fake, but a genuine test of pluck, endurance and courage. The start was made April 1 at noon from the Police Gazette in New York. A certain club backed him to the extent of \$5,000 that he will complete the task. He must come back within the three years and have \$100 in his pocket and two suits of clothes.

The effort of the Virginia Jockey Club to race under the Jockey Club banner and conduct a foreign book at the same time would be amusing if it was not so unjust to other racing associations which have made, and are ready to make, sacrifices for the privilege of racing under the Jockey Club rules. The Virginia people protest too much. Very few people who have been at St. Asaph will believe the story that St. Asaph has no interest in the foreign book conducted at the track. The managers are simply trimming and filling as they trimmed and filled last fall until they excited the disgust of every honest racing man. They are too greedy for the dollar to announce what they really do want, and too cowardly to shake off the Jockey Club yoke under which they are groaning. They recognize their dilemma. They may go to the Western Turf Congress, but if they do they will offend some prominent Jockey Club owners and lose the best stables now racing at the course, if they remain with the Jockey Club they will lose the foreign book, and that is not pleasing to them, either.

President Jones, of the Alexander Island track, will attend the meeting of the Western Turf Congress to be held in Memphis, and again ask that his course be admitted to membership in the organization. Of course if both Alexander and St. Asaph could gain admission to the congress it would be better for both tracks, for then horses would be plentiful and the sport more interesting.

As the season advances turfmen are beginning to open their eyes to some delusions, while at the same time they are accepting new ones. They are beginning to believe, for instance, that unless the Brooklyn handicap is a fluke, as it often has been, Ed Kearney, who has been so persistently boomed for the big race, will not have any part of it. August Belmont's Song and Dance is another horse that has been boomed for the Brooklyn handicap, but unless he has improved a trifle more than 1,000 per cent. on the form which he displayed at the Metropolitan track this year he, too, will fall far short of the brilliant expectations which have been entertained of him in some quarters. But these old delusions are being replaced by new ones. Already the talent are in an ecstasy of joy over the performances of the two-year-olds The Hartford and Premier, the former owned by Bill Daly and the latter by Jimmie McLaughlin. Both colts undoubtedly possess sterling merit, but it might be just as well to await the performance of some youngsters we have not yet seen before banking on those already out. Both The Hartford and Premier are bred on the best lines. The blood of two of our greatest sires, Hymyar and Sir Modred, respectively, flows in their veins, and their owners, as well as others who have seen them perform, have every reason to entertain great hopes of them. At the same time it might be well to consider that there are others.

The sports of Sioux Falls, S. D., feel decidedly blue over the new law passed by the recent Legislature prohibiting prize fighting, and which will go into effect the middle of June. The law is very severe. According to the way the mandate reads now it will be very difficult for newspapers, both inside and outside of the State, to get information relative to fights to be pulled off there.

Section 4 of the law, dwelling for the most part on this particular point, reads as follows:

"Whoever instigates, carries on, promotes, or engages in any sparring or boxing exhibition, or any newspaper publisher who prints any challenge or other notice relating thereto, shall be fined not exceeding \$500, or confined in the county jail not exceeding six months."

In the event of it becoming known that a battle is about to be pulled off, the way the law reads now, it will be possible for the authorities to arrest the supposed participants, hustle them off to jail, and place them under bonds to keep the peace.

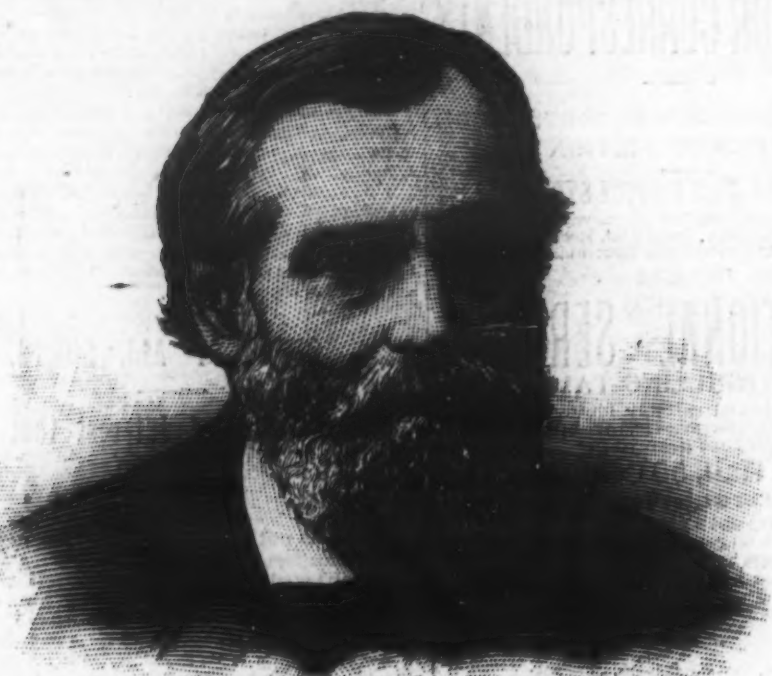
Probably the most interesting of the whole law is section 3. It is drawn up in such a manner that a person who attends a fight lends himself liable to imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than one nor more than five years. A fine of \$1,000 is also imposed. A second or surgeon, or a person who advises, encourages, or promotes such a fight, is liable to imprisonment for a term of years not exceeding five and a fine of \$1,000.

DOMINO.

Jake Gaudaur, the American champion carman who is now at Austin, Tex., training for the international regatta, which takes place there on June 1, has issued a formal challenge through the Police Gazette to row Wag Harding, the champion of England, for the title of World's Champion and \$5,000; race to take place at Austin, Tex.

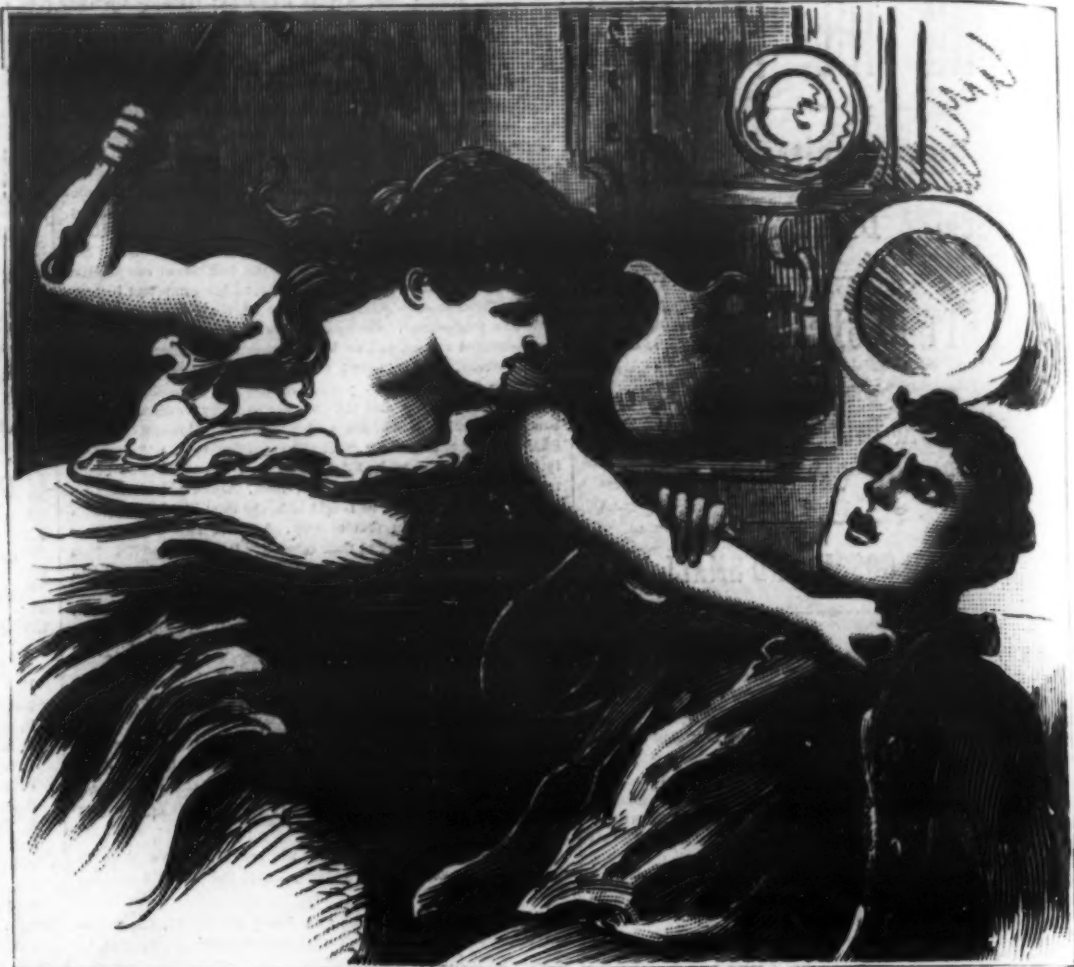
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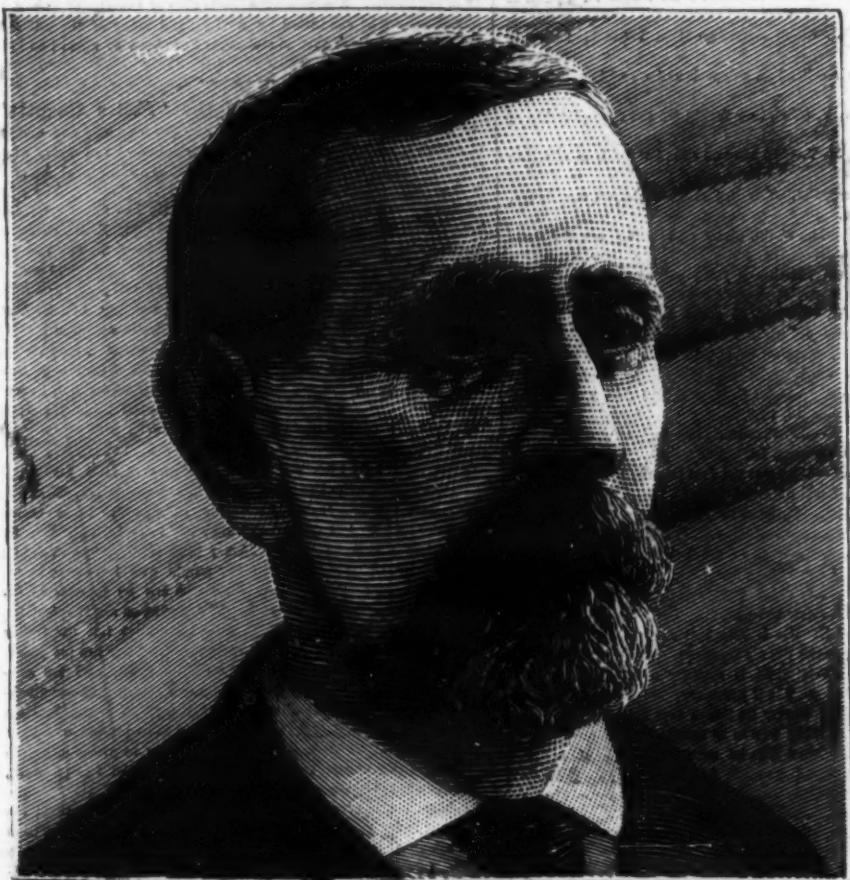
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A WOMAN TRAPS A BURGLAR.

BRAVE MRS. CHRISTOFFERSON, WITH THE AID OF A POKER AND PLENTY OF NERVE, CAPTURES A BOLD INTRUDER, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, PA.



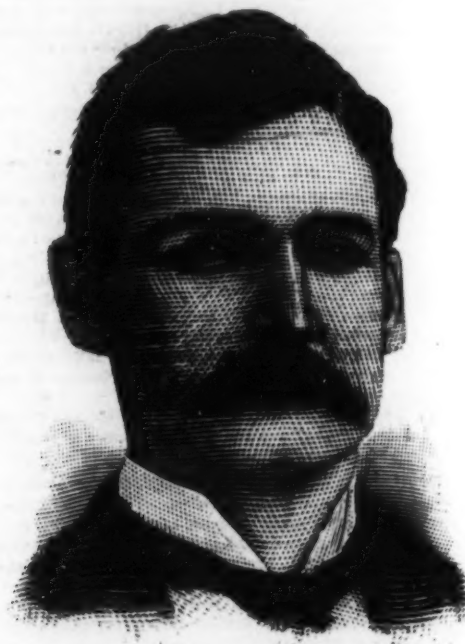
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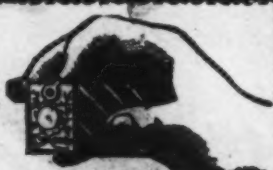
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We Made Him Sing With Joy.

SAFETY HARBOR, Fla., May 9, 1894.
After I wrote you yesterday I took a ride of about ten miles, and this morning I feel like I wanted to take another, as I feel like I am improving so rapidly. I awoke last night, and I felt so good that I broke out with a song at the top of my voice, and fell off to sleep again, which for a long time has been almost a stranger.

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I have no pain or aches. Your remedies have done me wonders. I would not take \$10,000 and be where I was when you took my case. Anybody that is in the same condition as I was would gladly give \$10,000 to be relieved. Your remedies have put me in a condition to fight the battles of life.

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